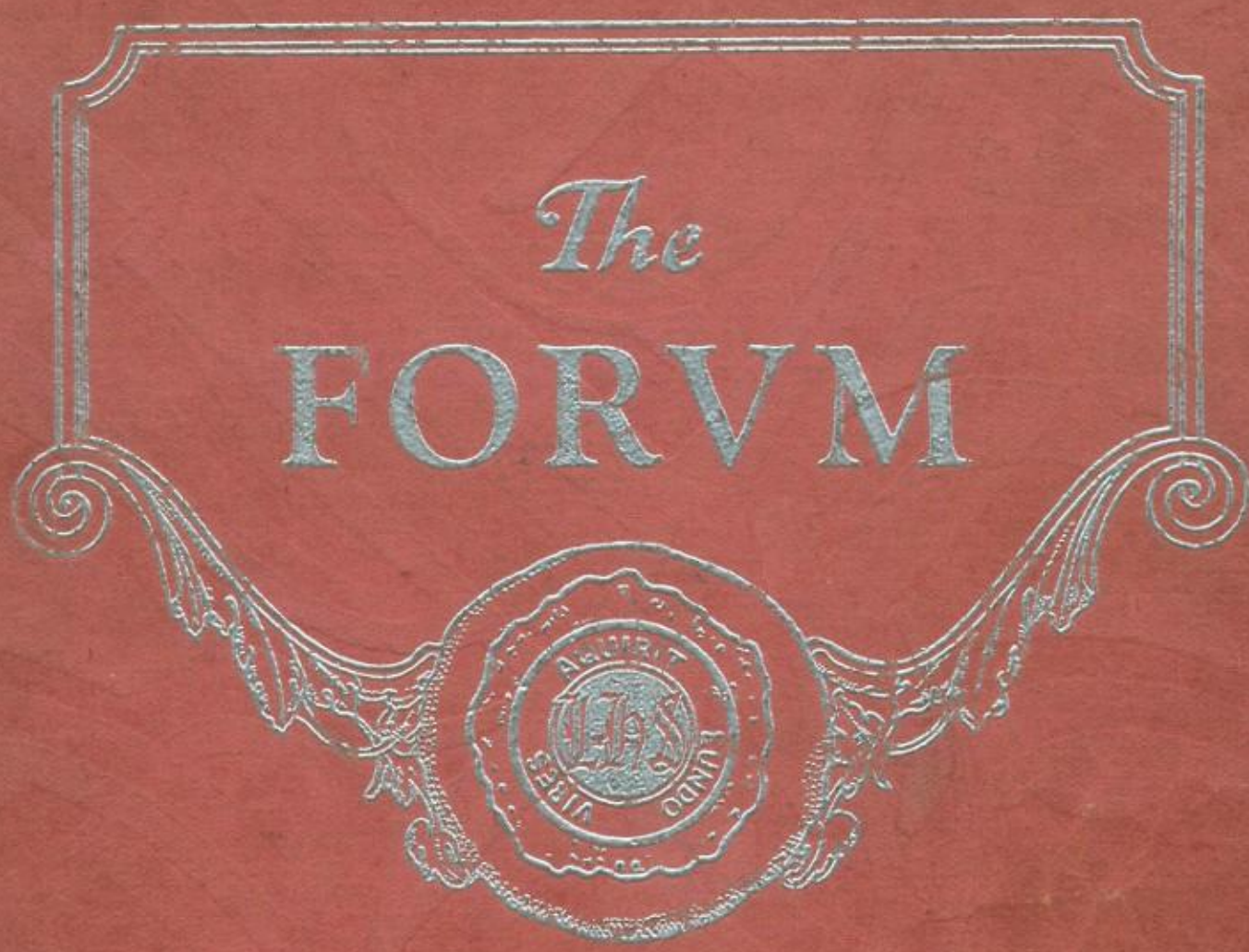
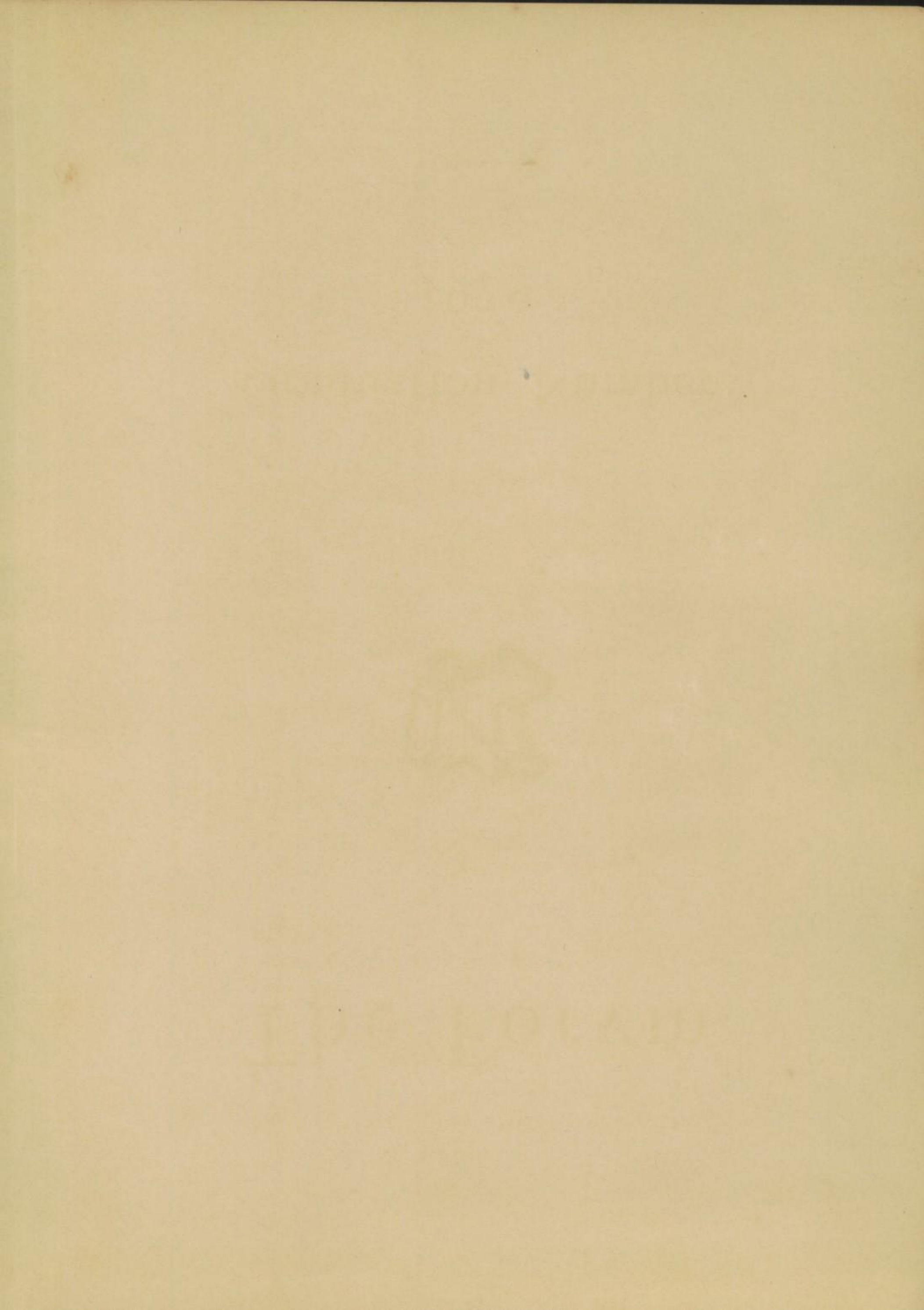


Jean E. St. 1



1929



The Forum



Graduation Number

1929

THE APPLE THIEF

Jonnie stopped in his ramble, something hard had caught his eye;
It was an apple in a tree, hanging rather high.
An apple red and glowing, beckoning him like a star;
Jonnie was very hungry for he had journeyed far.

It tempted him, and Jonnie, weak as most we mortals are,
Put his leg across the fence, and jumping o'er the bar
Climbed the tree quickly as most small boys can,
And soon the prize was in his hand; then Jonnie saw a man.

"Come down, you little rascal, I'll have the law on you!"
The irate farmer shouted as he clutched poor Jonnie's shoe.
Jonnie trembled on his perch and thrills he did not lack.
"Please sir," said the culprit, "I was only putting it back."

—Evelyn E. Glassner.

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FORUM STAFF

THE FORVM

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THE STAFF

Editor-in-Chief—Braden Fitz-Gerald

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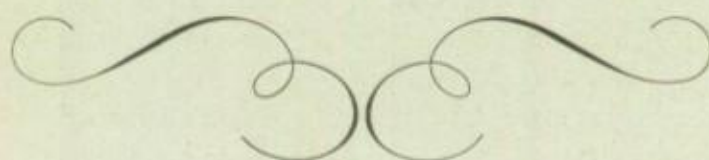
CLASS OF 1929

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	EUGENE KILROY
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<i>Secretary</i>	WAYNE H. FOLGER, JR.
<i>Treasurer</i>	LUCY MANNINO
<i>Sergeant-at-arms</i>	GEORGE BURDICK

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<i>Master of Ceremonies</i>	EUGENE KILROY
<i>Salutatory</i>	DOROTHY ABBOTT
<i>Class History</i>	ELLIOTT T. DIX
<i>Class Poem</i>	LUCY MANNINO
<i>Class Prophecy</i>	CLARA FOOTE
<i>Class Will</i>	RONALD McARTHUR
<i>Mantle Oration</i>	W. RICHMOND MOYER
<i>Response to Mantle Oration</i>	HERBERT KNIGHT
<i>Valedictory</i>	MILDRED DOBBINS
<i>Presentation</i>	RUTH HAMILTON, FREDERICK WILLIAMS
<i>Class Song</i>	CLARA FOOTE, LUCY MANNINO
<i>Class Yell</i>	MELVIN COATES



CLASS COLORS

Old Rose and Silver

CLASS FLOWER

Premier Supreme Rose

CLASS MOTTO

"A quitter never wins;
A winner never quits."

THE FORM

Honor Students

FIRST HONOR

MILDRED DOBBINS—"Milly"

*Ambition—To do and not to dream
To be fat and not lean.*

Course—College Entrance

Freshman Literary Club '26; Sophomore Literary Club '27; Girl Reserves '28; Choral Club '27, '29; Mixed Chorus '27; Operetta '29; Art Club '28, '29; Daisy Girl '28; Forum Staff '28, '29; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29; First Honor '29.

"Content with nothing but the best
Honest effort—crowned with success."

SECOND HONOR

DOROTHY LEWIS ABBOTT—"Margarita"

Ambition—To lose that scarf and pin again.

Course—College Entrance Arts

Choral Club '26, '27, '28, '29; Freshman Literary Club '26; Sophomore Literary Club '27; Forum '28, '29; L. H. S. Musical Comedy '29; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29.

"Margarita, Margarita—fairest maid in sunny Spain."

THIRD HONOR

CLARA FOOTE—"Sis"

Ambition—I let it grow but now I'd like a "bob."

Course—College Entrance Arts

Freshman Literary Club; Choral Club '26, '27, '28, '29; Operetta '29; Girl Reserves '27, '28, '29, President '29; Dramatic Club '29; "Fingerprints" '29; Junior Class '28, Vice-President; Senior Class '29, President first semester; Senior Play '29; Third Honor '29.

"Woman is changeable, light as a feather
Woman is fickle as fair weather
Woman is fine as fine can be
Woman—all virtues combine in thee."

FOURTH HONOR

RUTH ELIZABETH HAMILTON—"Ruthie"

Ambition—To live, to learn and love.

Course—College Entrance Arts.

Daisy Girl, '25; Literary Club, '26, '27, Treasurer '26; Art Club, '27, Vice President '27; Girl Reserves, '28; Interclass Basketball, '26, '27, '28; Interclass Baseball, '26, '27, '28; Junior Class, '28, Treasurer; Senior Class, '29; Fourth honor; Class Day Presentation.

"Remember Caesar was ambitious."



THE FORM

Class Officers

PRESIDENT

EUGENE KILROY—"Gene"

Ambition—To be Exalted Pest of a national order.

Course—College Entrance Science

Freshman Literary Club '26; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29; Treasurer Senior Class '29, first semester; President, Senior Class '29; Varsity Football '28; "Love's Triumph" '29; Senior Play '29.

"Good humor and generosity
Carry the day with a popular heart
All the world over."

VICE-PRESIDENT

MARIAN ETHEL CAMPBELL—"Minx"

Ambition—To enter History Class just once without being rassed.

Course—College Entrance Science

Junior Literary Club '27; Choral Club '29; Junior Class '28; Girl Reserves '29; Art Club, Treasurer '29; Operetta '29; Senior Play '29; Interclass Baseball '29; Dramatic-Literary Club '29; Basketball '29; Vice Pres. Senior Class '29.

"Throw physics to the dogs, I'll none of them."

SECRETARY

WAYNE FOLGER—"Jim"

Ambition—To live, love, laugh and be happy always.

Course—College Entrance Science

Freshman Literary Society '26; Band '26, '27; Orchestra '26, '27; Forum Staff '27, '28, '29, Business Manager '28; Hi-Y '28, '29, Vice-President '29; Baseball '27, '28; Aeronautical Club '28; Asst. Mgr. Basketball '29; Junior Class '28, Chairman Ring Committee, '28; Business Manager Senior Play '29; Senior Class '29, Secretary '29; Orchestra "Love's Triumph" '29.

"I am resolved to grow fat, and look young till forty."

TREASURER

LUCY C. MANNINO—"Mom"

*Ambition—To be an actress in satins and lace
Not just an old memory with a new black face.*

Course—College Entrance Science.

Daisy Girl '26; Girl Reserves '26; Interclass Basketball '26, '27, '28; Interclass Baseball '26, '27, '28; Freshman Literary Club '26; Art Club '29; Dramatic Literary Club '29; Basketball Reserves '27; L. H. S. News Reporter '29; Senior Play '29; "Fingerprints" '29; Class Poet '29; Class Treasurer '29; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29.

"Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them."



THE FORUM

RUTH ABBOTT

Ambition—Ugh!

Course—College Entrance Science

Symphony Orchestra '26, '27, '28, '29; Senior Play Orchestra '26, '27, '28, '29; Concert Orchestra '29; Girl Reserves '26; Commencement Orchestra '26, '27, '28; Choral Club '27, '28, '29; Freshman Literary Club '26; Sophomore Literary Club '27; National High School Orchestra '28; Junior Orchestra '26, '27; Interclass Basketball '26; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29.

"Music, rather than poetry should be called the happy art."

ELSIE M. ADAMS

Ambition—To abolish geometry from the high schools for the next 999 years.

Course—College Entrance Arts

Freshman Literary Club; Forum Staff '27, '28, '29; Choral Club '28; Girl Reserves '29; Vice-Pres. Dramatic Literary Club '29; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29.

"Tis well to be merry and wise,
'Tis well to be honest and true;
'Tis well to be off with the old love
Before you are on with the new."

NEREE D. ALIX—"Dearie"

Ambition—To hit the bull's eye three times in succession.

Course—General

Interclass Baseball '27, '28, '29; Stage Crew—"The Family Upstairs"; Screen Manager with "Love's Triumph"; Senior Class '29; Track Team '29.

"I awoke one morning and found myself famous."

CLYDE W. ALLPORT—"Barney"

Ambition—To run and not be weary.

Course—Commercial for Bookkeepers

"L" Club '29; Crosscountry Team '28; Track Team '29; Senior Class '29.

"A mercury with winged feet
A gentleman without conceit."



THE FORM



RUTH C. ANDERSON—"Ruthie"

Ambition—To be a second Babe Ruth.

Course—Commercial

1st year—Baseball, Volley Ball, Basketball; Freshman Literary Club. 2nd year—Baseball, Volley Ball, Basketball, Choral Club. 3rd year—Junior Class, Choral Club, Baseball, Volley Ball. 4th year—Senior Class, Choral Club, Baseball, Volley Ball, Track.



CLARENCE D. ANSON—"Ans"

Ambition—To beat Jaberski single-handed.

Course—College Entrance Science

Senior Class '29; Junior Class '28; Interclass Basketball '26, '27, '29; Interclass Basketball Champions '29; Basketball Reserves '29; Senior Football '28; Varsity Football '29; Interclass Baseball '26, '27, '29; Hi-Y '26, '27, '29.

"Do others before they do you."



JOHN ARGUE—"Johnny"

Ambition—To sing the quartette from Rigoletto.

Course—College Entrance Science

Glee Club '26, '27, '28, '29; Junior Orchestra '26, '27; Freshman-Sophomore Literary Club '26, '27; Oratorical Contest '29; Chicago National High School Chorus '28; Male Quartette '28; Mixed Quartette '28; Aeronautical Club '28; Co-author of "Love's Triumph" '29; Athletic Council '28, '29; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29; Operetta '29.

"I never want to argue with a woman

Whatever else I do

Especially if her hair is Titian in its hue."



RONALD C. BALDWIN—"Rowie"

Ambition—To put one over on "Bucky".

Course—College Entrance Science

Interclass Baseball '27; Interclass Basketball '28; Interclass Baseball '29; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29.

"To put a girdle round about the world" is easier than to realize your ambition.

THE FORM

KATHRYN E. BARNUM—"Babe"

Ambition—To out grow my baby days.

Course—Commercial for Bookkeepers

Choral Club '25, '26; Mixed Chorus '25, '26; Interclass Basketball '25, '26, '27, '28; Interclass Baseball '25, '26, '27, '28, '29; Interclass Volley Ball '28; Interclass Track '29; A "Guest" in Senior Play '28; Home-making Club '25; Forum Staff '27, '28, '29; Ass't. Business Manager '29; Sophomore Literary Club '26; Junior Literary Club '27; Daisy Girl '27; Junior Class '28; Physical Exhibition '29; Girl Reserves '29; Senior Class '29.

"A light heart lives long."

MARTIN C. BAUDENDISTEL—"Mart"

Ambition—"Why bring that up?"

Junior Orchestra '26, '27; Sophomore Literary Club '26; Easter Pageant '26; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29.

"Rome was not built in a day."

GUILA BEATTIE—"Guy"

Ambition—It may be that.

Course—College Entrance Arts

Symphony Orchestra '27, '28, '29; Concert Orchestra '29; Choral Club '26, '27; '28, '29.

"Towards great persons use respective boldness."

CARLISLE BLACKLEY—"Hairlock"

Ambition—"Millie"

Course—Manual Arts

Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29; Interclass Baseball '27; Interclass Basketball '28; Track '27, '28; Camera Club '27; Art Club '28; Architectural Club '28; Cast of "Love's Triumph" '29.

"My only looks
Were woman's looks,—
And folly's all they've taught me."



THE FORM



KENNETH O. BOGARDUS—"Ken"

Ambition—Summa summarum.

Course—College Entrance Arts

Freshman-Sophomore Literary Club; Junior Class '28;
Senior Class '29; "Forty Miles an Hour" '29;
Dramatic-Literary Club '29; Senior Play '29.

"To bear is to conquer our fate."



STANFORD J. BRUMLEY—"Stan"

Ambition—Doctor of Medicine, "Heart" Specialist

Course—College Entrance Science

Senior Class '29; Junior Class '28; Hi-Y '29; Glee
Club '27, '28.

"And when a lady's in the case
You know all other things give place."



DOROTHY M. BOWER—"Dot"

*Ambition—To do and say the right thing at the
right time.*

Course—Commercial

Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29; Girl Reserves '25.

"Every age has its pleasures, its style of unit, and its
own ways."



GEORGE BURDICK

Ambition—Private Pilot to Lindbergh.

Course—Manual Arts

Football '27, '28; Executive Committee "L" Club '27;
"L" Club '28; Interclass Baseball '28, '29; "Love's
Triumph" '29; Aeronautical Club '28; Sophomore
Literary Club '26; Junior Class '28; Sergeant-at-arms,
Senior Class '29; Stage Committee, Senior Play '29.

"Lives of football men remind us 'tis for glory that we
slug,

And departing leave behind us foot prints on the other
guy's mug."

THE FORVM

GRACE BURKE—"Betty"

Ambition—To be a charming hostess.

Course—College Entrance Arts

Freshman-Sophomore Literary Club '26, '27; Girl Reserves '26, '27; Art Club '26, '27, '28, '29; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29.

"Be happy, but be so by piety."

MARY ELIZABETH BRYANT—"Betty"

Ambition—I'm all done up. Can't think of doing.

Course—College Entrance Arts

Aeronautical Club '28; Art Club '29; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29.

"Whence is thy learning? Hack thy toil
O'er books consum'd the midnight oil?"

ANGELA CALLAHAN—"Ange"

Ambition—All used up.

Course—College Entrance Science

Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29.

"Come and trip it as ye go
On the light fantastic toe."

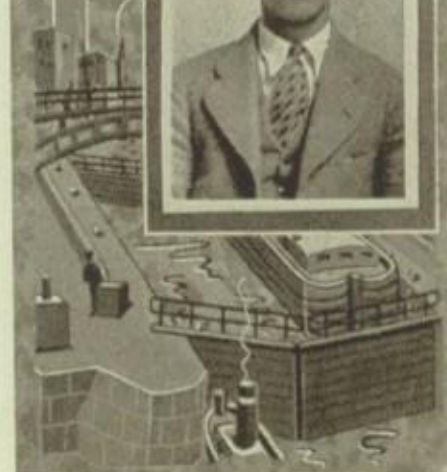
JOSEPH CAMMERANO—"José"

Ambition—To play tiddlexwinks on the moon.

Course—College Entrance Arts

Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29.

"How tough is your tiddling."



THE FORM



EVELYN M. CHISHOLM—"Chisy"

Ambition—To overcome my Scotch tendencies and treat the gang just once.

Course—College Entrance Arts

Interclass Basketball '26; Choral Club '26, '28, '29; Girl Reserves '27, '28, '29; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '29; Operetta '29.

*"Who goeth a borrowing
Goeth a sorrowing."*



KENNETH H. CLARKE—"Manager"

Ambition—To speak in Assembly.

Course—College Entrance Science

Freshman-Sophomore and Junior Literary Clubs; Hi-Y. '27; Interclass Baseball '27; Manager of Baseball '29.

*"Speech is the golden harvest
That followeth the following of thought."*



FLORENCE E. CLUGSTON—"Cluggie"

Ambition—To be a nurse and cure the sick but not the love sick.

Course—Commercial for Bookkeeper

Forum Staff '27, '28; Sectional Orchestra Contest '29; Junior Orchestra '26; Senior Orchestra '27, '28, '29; Senior Play Orchestra '27, '28; Choral Club '26, '27, '28; Mixed Chorus '27; Literary Club '26, '27; Daisy Girl '28; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29.

"Practice makes perfect."



MELVIN M. COATES—"Mel"

Ambition—Jump over the Moon.

(The one made of green cheese)

Junior Class '27; Senior Class '28, '29; Class Cheer Leader '29; Senior Play Orchestra '28; Orchestra '25, '26, '27, '28; Band '26, '27, '28; "L" Club '27, '28, '29, Treas. '29; Member of Athletic Council '29; "Love's Triumph" '29; Interclass Football '26, '28; Interclass Basketball '27, '28, '29; Capt. '29; Interclass Baseball '27, '28, '29; Varsity Basketball '28, '29; Varsity Track '26, '27, '28, '29—Captain '29.

"With too much quickness ever to be taught."

THE FORM

LAVERN B. COLTON—"Hosey"

*Ambition—To get in a Chicago "gang" fight.
(One of the "dicks.")*

Course—College Entrance Arts

Band, '25, '26, '27, '28, '29; Junior Orchestra, '26;
Symphony Orchestra, '27, '28, '29; Senior Play
Orchestra '27; Commencement Orchestra, '27, '28;
L. H. S. Concert Orchestra, '28; Assembly Orchestra,
'29; Glee Club, '28, '29; Mixed Chorus, '28, '29;
Chicago National High School Chorus, '28; Male
Quartette, '28; Double Mixed Quartette, '28; "Love's
Triumph," '29; Sectional Musical Clubs, '29; De-
bating '29; Dramatic-Literary Club, Treas., '29;
"Fingerprints," '29; Operetta, '29; Aeronautical Club,
'28; Hi-Y, '29; Junior Class, '28; Senior Class, '29.

"What! Wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?"
(When the curtain sticks.)

MARGARET A. COOK—"Cookie"

Ambition—To be Frank if not fair.

Course—College Entrance Arts

Treasurer of Freshman Literary Club '26; Choral Club
'27; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29.

"The sound of a kiss is not so loud as that of a cannon,
but its echo lasts a deal longer."

KATHERINE MARY COULTER—"Kay"

Ambition—To tackle the typewriter keys.

Course—Commercial

"Forty Miles an Hour" '29.

"Love to live and live for love
And let who will be clever."

VIOLA M. COVELL—"Vi"

Ambition—To grow up so as to be like others.

Course—Commercial for Bookkeepers

Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29; Secretary Senior
Class, '28; Vice President, Girl Reserves '28; Secretary
Treasurer '29; Sophomore Literary Club '27; Forum
Staff '29; Reserve Basketball '26; Interclass Basket-
ball '26, '27, '28, '29, captain '29; Interclass Baseball
'26, '27, '28, '29, captain '28; Volleyball '28; Inter-
class Track '29.

"A good name is better than bags of gold."



THE FORM



GEORGE CROFT—"Crofty"

Ambition—Architect

Course—General

Band '25, '26, '27, '28, '29; Orchestra '26, '27, '28, '29.

"The silence that is in the starry sky."



ROGERS CROSBY—"Rog"

Ambition—To stand high among men.

Course—College Entrance Science

Hi-Y '28, '29; Debating Team '29; Dramatic-Literary Club '29; "Fingerprints" '29; Senior Class '29.

"You may know your onions and not your date,
But you know mathematics and how to debate."



IRENE FLORENCE DALEY—"Rene"

Ambition—"To be twenty years old"

Course—Academic

Kamera Klub '27; Sophomore-Junior Literary Club '27;
Girl Reserves '27; Aeronautical Club '28; Art Club
'25; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29.

"If you are wise be wise;
Keep what goods the gods provide you."



ELEANOR E. DEAN—"Ellie"

Ambition—To be a go-getter; not a goat-getter.

Course—Commercial

Literary Club '26; Daisy Girl '26; Interclass Baseball
'26, '27, '28, '29; Interclass Basketball '26, '27, '28;
Volleyball '28; Choral Club, '27, '28, '29; Track '29;
Operetta '29; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29.

"We'll visit Venus, Saturn and Mars
And each of the planets and all of the stars."

THE FORM

ELLIOTT T. DIX—"Cider"

Ambition—To be 18.

Course—College Entrance Science

Varsity Football '27, '28; Varsity Baseball '28, '29; Varsity "L" Club '27, '28, '29, President '29; Reserve Basketball '27, '28, '29; Reserve Baseball '27; Reserve Track '25; Interclass Baseball '25, '26, '27; Interclass Basketball '25, '26; Interclass Track '29; Glee Club '25, '26, '27, '28; Forum Staff '27, '28, '29—Business Manager '28, '29; Junior Hi-Y '26; Hi-Y '28, '29, Treasurer '28; Chicago National Chorus '28; Mask and Wig Club '28; Aeronautical Club '27, Vice-president '27; Latin Play '25; Freshman-Sophomore Literary Club '25, '26; Junior Class '28; Senior Boy's Play, "Love's Triumph," '29; Senior Play '29; Class Historian '29; Senior Class '29.

"Golden hair streaming like sunshine."

ROLAND WILLIAM DIXON—"Dick"

Ambition—To be president of the General Electric Company.

Course—Commercial for Bookkeepers.

Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29.

"Sir, I would rather be right than be President."

HAZEL DOWNEY

Ambition—To be of Irish descent.

Course—College Entrance Science

Daisy Girl, '26; Sophomore Literary Club, '27; Junior Class, '28; Senior Class, '29.

"My books are friends that never fail me."

RALPH A. ELLIOTT—"Pretz"

Ambition—To get what I want—when-I-want-It.

Course—Commercial Course for Bookkeeper

Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29; Track '29; Literary Club '26, '27; Interclass Basketball '26; Aeronautics '27.

"He who excuses himself, accuses himself."



THE FORM



C. DONALD FEW—"Don"

Ambition—To hitch my wagon to a star—but not a movie star.

Course—Manual Arts Course

Orchestra '26; Interclass Basketball '27; Interclass Baseball '27; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29; Basketball '29; Interclass Volley Ball; Track '29; Hi-Y '29.

"A very Few sorrows, and quite a Few joys
A Few 'rainy' nites, for a little Few Boy."

H. BRADEN FITZ-GERALD—"Brad"

*Ambition—To live in a house built so near to the road
There never will be a spear of grass to be moved.*

Course—College Entrance Arts

Freshman-Sophomore Literary Club '26; Junior Hi-Y '26—President '26; Interclass Basketball '26 and '28; Junior Band '26 '27; Track '26; Interclass Baseball '27; Forum Staff—Business Staff '27, Assistant Editor-in-Chief '28, Editor-in-Chief '29; Football '27, '28; Junior Class '28—President '28, Response to Mantle Oration '28; Properties "Love's Triumph" '29; General Chairman of Senior Dance '29; Advertising Manager, Senior Play '29; Senior Class '29.

"Caesar was ambitious
Brad was courageous
One built Rome
The other, the 'Forum'."

NICHOLAS D. GAVALAS—"Nick"

*Ambition—The day is getting nearer
Still dawn, but the day is promising.*

Course—College Entrance Science

Interclass Basketball '26; Art Club '27; Freshman-Sophomore Literary Club '27; Aeronautical Club '28; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29.

"Attempt the end and never stand to doubt
Nothing so bad but search will find it out."

LENORE C. GOODING—"Len"

*Ambition—To bawl and bawl and bawl.
But not to cry—just basketball.*

Course—College Entrance Arts

Basketball Reserve '26; Varsity '27; Interclass Basketball '25, '26, '27, '28, '29, Captain '28; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29; Sophomore Literary Club '27; Interclass Baseball '25, '26, '27, '28, '29.

"She that was ever fair and never proud
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud."

THE FORM

LORRAINE HALLER—"Rainie"

Ambition—To take life easy.

Course—College Entrance Arts

Choral Club '29; Art Club '29; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29.

"In small proportions we just beauty see
And in short measure life may perfect be."

T. SPENCER HARDING—"Tee"

Ambition—To pass History.

Course—College Entrance Arts

Band '26, '27, '28, '29; Junior Orchestra '26; Symphony Orchestra '27, '28, '29; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29.

"Genius must be born and never can be taught."

BERYL WILSON HARWOOD

Ambition—To find one.

Course—Academic

Choral Club '27, '28, '29; Art Club '27, '28; Junior '28; Senior '29.

"A merry heart goes all the day."

HAROLD D. HASS—"Ham"

Ambition—To go places and see things.

Course—Commercial

Interclass Volleyball '29; Interclass Baseball '29; Baseball Reserves '29; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29.

"I may do something sensational yet."



THE FORM



JOHN WILLIAM HAWKES—"Harvey"

Ambition—To drink milk freely.

Course—College Entrance Arts

Freshman-Sophomore Literary Club '26, '27; Glee Club '28, '29; Band '28, '29; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29.

"I am as sober as a judge."



MAURICE E. HEALY—"Morrie"

Ambition—To hit .300.

Course—College Entrance Arts

Interclass Basketball '27, '28; Interclass Baseball '27, '28; Varsity Baseball '29; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29.

"There is no royal road to anything. One thing at a time, all things in succession. That which grows fast, withers as rapidly; that which grows slowly endures."



EMERSON HOLLEY—"Emy"

Ambition—Don't know the exact height but she comes about to my shoulders.

Course—College Entrance Arts

Basketball Reserves '28, '29; Interclass Basketball '26; Track '28; Interclass Baseball '27; Hi-Y '26, '28, '29; Secretary '29; Forum Staff '27, '28, '29; Junior Class '28.

"Sport that wrinkled care derides."



RUTH HOOLE—"Snookey"

Ambition—To educate the heathen in Africa and America.

Course—College Entrance Arts

Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29; Interclass Basketball '28, '29; Girl Reserves '28.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing."

THE FORM

J. REEVES KELLEY—"Monk"

*Ambition—"To Dive for a living
and swim for life."*

Course—Manual Arts

Hi-Y '23, '24, '25, '28; Interclass Basketball '26; '27,
'29; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29; Interclass
Baseball '29; Track '27.

"Do it yourself for want of me,
The boy replied quite manfully."

THOMAS OWEN KELLY—"Tom"

Ambition—Aut vincere aut mori.

Course—College Entrance Science

Band '26, '27, '28, '29; Junior Hi-Y '26; Hi-Y '28, '29;
Aeronautical Club '28; Freshman-Sophomore Literary
Clubs '27, '28; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29.

"Let us have peace."

FRANCES J. KNICKERBOCKER—"Knickers"

Ambition—Not on speaking terms.

Course—College Entrance Arts

Girl Reserve '27, '28; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29.

"Oh, sir! I must not tell my age
They say women and music should never be dated."

JOHN W. KNOWLES—"Johnny"

Ambition—Osborne of L. H. S. ?

Course—College Entrance Science

Freshman-Sophomore Literary Club; Track '29; Junior
Class '28; Senior Class '29; Hi-Y '28, '29; Interclass
Basketball '27, '28; Interclass Baseball '27, '28.

"All that glitters is not gold."



THE FORM



EVELYN A. KOLBOW—"Evvy"

Ambition—Young minds to develop.

Course—College Entrance Arts

Interclass Basketball '27; Junior Class '28; Art Club '29; Senior Class '29.

"A penny for your thoughts."



DOROTHY E. LANCKTON—"Dor"

Ambition—To get up early.

Course—College Entrance Science.

Choral Club, '28, '29; Symphony Orchestra '27, '28, '29;
Concert Orchestra '29; Interclass Basketball '26;
Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29; Art Club '28.

"Autumn: wheezy, sneezy, freezy;
Winter: slippy, dippy, nippy;
Spring: showery, flowery, bowery;
Summer: happy, crappy, poppy."



HELEN M. LUSKEY—"Luskie"

*Ambition—Can't you plainly see
'Twas not dealt out to me?*

Course—College Entrance Science

Sophomore Literary Club '26; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29.

"Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, but now I know it."



MARGARET LORRAINE MANK—"Peg"

Ambition—Oh, guess for yourself. I give up!

Course—College Entrance Arts

Choral Club '26, '27, '28, '29; Interclass Baseball '27;
Art Club '29; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29.

"Why aren't they all contented like me?"

THE FORM

DOROTHY H. MARTIN—"Dot" or "Marty"

Ambition—None whatsoever!

Course—Commercial Secretarial

Literary Club '25; Interclass Basketball '25, '26, '27;
Interclass Baseball '26, '27; Junior Class '28; Senior
Class '29.

"Soda jerking is the ideal work
A sweet, young lass, so vivacious and pert."

RONALD N. McARTHUR—"Buster"

Ambition—To cross the Delaware like Lincoln.

Course—Manual Arts

Camera Club '25; Interclass Baseball '27; Forum Staff
'28; Pres. of Architectural Club '28; Interclass Base-
ball '28; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29; Inter-
class Baseball '29; Vice President, Senior Class, First
Semester '29; Class will '29.

"Speech is great but silence is greater."

ROBERT WILSON McCORMICK—"Bud", "Mac"

Ambition—Architect

Course—Academic

Senior Class '29.

"To make a mountain of a mole-hill."

PETER F. J. MOELLER—"Pete"

Ambition—"To Zoom in the Clouds."

Course—Manual Arts

"L" Club '28; Architectural Club '27; Aeronautical
Club '26; Literary Club '26; Track Reserves '26, '27;
Basketball Reserves '26, '27; Football Reserves '25,
'26, '27; Varsity Football '28; Interclass Basketball
'27, '28; Interclass Baseball '28; Junior Class '28;
Senior Class '29; Senior Play Committee.

"Soar not too high, to fall; but stoop to rise."



THE FORM



JANE E. MORAN

Ambition—To flash a light before men's eyes, which the world has never known.

Course—College Entrance Arts

Daisy Girl '25; Choral Club '27, '28, '29; Interclass Basketball '27, '29; Interclass Baseball '27; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29.

"We wonder why?"

MARY ESTHER MORRIS—"Babe"

Ambition—Taken for granted?

Course—College Entrance Science

Daisy Girl '25; Literary Club '26, '27, '28; Girl Reserves '26, '27, '28; Interclass Basketball '26, '27, '28; Interclass Baseball '26, '27, '28; Choral Club '27, '28, '29; Dramatic Club '28; Operetta '29; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29.

"Conservation is the music of the wind
An orchestra where all instruments should play together
But none too loud."

LINA E. MORTON—"Leapin' Lena"

Ambition—Don't ask questions!

Course—Homemaking

Freshman Interclass Basketball '25; Freshman Literary Society '25; Homemaking Play '25; Junior Class '27; Senior Class '29.

"Give to the world the best you have and the best will come back to you."

W. RICHMOND MOYER—"Dick"

Ambition—To catch the Halitosis Palosis Bug

Course—College Entrance Arts.

Interclass Basketball '28; Glee Club Accompanist '28; "Fingerprints" '29; Track '27; Hi-Y '24, '29; Oratorical Contest '29; Tennis Team '28; Dramatic Literary Club '29; Asst. Mgr., Basketball '27; "Love's Triumph" '29; Interclass Debate '28; Literary Club 24, '25; Mantle Oration '29.

"Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears."

THE FORM

SAMUEL MUKTARIAN—"Sam"

Ambition—'Stoo risky—look what they did to Caesar.

Course—Commercial for Bookkeepers

Literary Club, Chairman of Program Committee '27;
Aeronautical Club '28; Senior Class '29; Latin Play
'27.

"Let knowledge grow from more to more."

NICHOLAS J. MULLER

"Nick", "His Royal Highness"

*Ambition—To miss the detour to "Failure" on the
"Road to Success"*

Course—College Entrance Science

Band '26, '27, '28, '29; Glee Club '26, '27, '28; Mixed
Chorus '27, '28; Interclass Baseball '27, '28; Aeronau-
tical Club '27, '28; "Love's Triumph" '29; Junior Class
'28; Senior Class '29.

"The dreams are small but the hopes are high."

GERALDINGE NASH—"Bunny"

Ambition—It's toasted.

Course—College Entrance Arts

Interclass Basketball '26, '27, '28; Interclass Baseball
'26, '27; Literary Club '26; Junior Class '28; Senior
Class '29; Girl Reserves '26, '27, '28, '29; Chairman
of Program Committee '28, '29; Secretary of Dramatic
Club '29; "Forty Miles an Hour" '27; "Fingerprints"
'29.

MARY A. NEELON—"Just Mary"

Ambition—What is it?

Course—College Entrance Science

Band '26, '27, '28, '29; Junior Orchestra '27; Symphony
Orchestra '28, '29; Literary Club '26; Choral Club
'26, '27, '28; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29; Con-
cert Orchestra '29.

"Contentment, as it is a short road and pleasant, has
great delight and little trouble."



THE FORM



DOROTHY E. NICHOLLS—"Dor"

Ambition—Be Non-chalant.

Course—College Entrance Arts

Literary Club '24, '25; Interclass Basketball '24; Forum Staff '25, '26, '27, '28, '29; Choral Club '24, '28; Dramatic Club '28, '29; Senior Play '29; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29.

"Facts are stubborn things."



REVITT OLDHAM—"Rev"

Ambition—1932 Olympics?

Course—College Entrance Science

Member Athletic Council '28, '29; Vice-president, Freshman-Sophomore Literary Club '26; Interclass Basketball '27; Reserve Track '26, '27; Interclass Baseball '26; Varsity Track '28, '29; "L" Club '29; Hi-Y '27, '28, '29; Interclass Track '29; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29.

"A horse! My kingdom for a horse!"



MARY E. PLANT—"Spats"

Ambition—To plant gossip

Course—College Entrance Arts

Freshman Literary Club '26; Interclass Basketball '26, '27, '28, '29; Interclass Baseball '26, '27; Gymnastic Exhibitions '29; Art Club '28; Forum Staff '29; Girl Reserves '29; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29; Senior Class Play '29.

"All things that are
Are with more spirit chased than enjoyed."



DORA E. POMEROY—"Dor"

Ambition—To go into a hospital—not as a patient.

Course—General

Band '24, '25, '26, '27, '28; Orchestra '26, '27, '28; Choral Club '26, '29; Clarinet Ensemble '26; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29; Operetta '29.

"'Tis said the lion will turn and flee
From a maid in the pride of her purity."

THE FORM

LOUISE E. PRIDDLE—"Wes"

Ambition—Is a closed book.

Course—College Entrance Arts

Interclass Basketball '26; Interclass Baseball '27; Gymnastic Exhibition '29; Art Club '29; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29.

"Silence is more eloquent than words."



ELTON RANSOM—"Goose"

Ambition—I bite.

Course—College Entrance Science
Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29.

"Hence, loathed Melancholy."



FLORENCE E. REDHEAD—"Flossie"

Ambition—To be a real Red-Head.

Course—College Entrance Arts

Choral Club '26, '27, '28, '29; Symphony Orchestra '26, '27, '28, '29; Interclass Basketball '26; Concert Orchestra '29; Literary Club '26; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29.

"O, shame! where is thy blush?"



FRANCES T. REESE—"Squeaks"

Ambition—To lose a few nicknames.

Course—College Entrance Arts

Interclass Basketball '26, '27; Freshman Literary Club; Choral Club '27, '28, '29; Girl Reserves '27, '28, '29; Senior Play Prompter; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29.

"Pause not on the threshold of limitless life,
To mourn for the day that is set."



THE FORM



DONALD A. RICHARDS—"Don"

Ambition—To play Baseball.

Course—College Entrance Science

Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29; Interclass Baseball '29.

"Knowledge comes, but Wisdom lingers."



FLORENCE A. ROBERTS—"Flo"

Ambition—To be ambitious.

Course—College Entrance Arts

Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29.

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."



CLARENCE A. ROESELER—"Ross"

Ambition—Sit on a fence all by myself in the moonlight.

Course—General

Aeronautical Club '27; Hi-Y '28, '29; Dramatic Literary Club '29; Track '29; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29.

"I was never less alone than by myself."



BETTY JANE SANFORD—"Betty"

Ambition—To find it.

Course—College Entrance Arts

Choral Club '27; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29.

"They can conquer who believe they can."

THE FORM

JANETTE E. SCHRYVER—"Nette"

Ambition—To own an airplane.

Course—Commercial

Orchestra '27, '28, '29; Choral Club '27, '28, '29; Concert Orchestra '29; Junior Orchestra '26; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29.

"The sunshine on my path was to me as a friend."

SANTA GENEVIEVE SCOTCH—"Susie"

Ambition—"To live and be happy and to make those who come in contact with me feel the same."

Course—College Entrance Science

Junior Class '27; Senior Class '28, '29; Choral Club '29.

"Short, jolly and cheerful in all her ways
As the Santa Claus of our childhood days."

ROGER W. SHAFT—"Rog"

Ambition—To Reach for a "Lucky" Instead of a "Sweet"

Course—Commercial for Bookkeeper

Varsity Basketball '27, '28, '29, Capt. '29; Basketball Res. '26; Varsity Track '27, '28; Football '27; Interclass Basketball '24, '25; Interclass Baseball '27, '28; Asst. Mgr. Basketball '25; Hi-Y '26, '28, '29, Pres. '29; "L" Club '28, '29; Senior Class '29; Junior Class '28.

"Be romantic—not serious."

GERTRUDE SILSBY—"Gertie"

Ambition—No relation to me.

Course—Academic

Interclass Basketball '28; Art Club '27, '28, '29; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29.

"All great women had light red hair
Just look at Cleo—so why should you care?"



THE FORM



ROBERT W. SKELLAN—"Bob"

Ambition—Imagine my embarrassment.

Course—College Entrance Science

Glee Club '26, '27, '28, '29; Interclass Basketball '25, '26, '27, '28; Interclass Football '25, '26; Varsity Football '28; Basketball Reserves '26, '27; Varsity Basketball '28, '29; Interclass Baseball '26, '27, '28, '29; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29.

"Ah, why should life all labour be?"



HELEN C. SMITH—"Smithy"

Ambition—Don't be like that!

Course—Commercial for Bookkeepers

Freshman Literary Club '26; Junior Class '28; Art Club '29; Senior Class '29.

"Discretion of speech is more than eloquence."



PAUL L. SMITH—"Tiny"

Ambition—"To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

Course—College Entrance Science

Junior Orchestra '26, '27; Aeronautical Club '26, '27; Freshman-Sophomore Literary Club '26; Junior Class '28; Dramatic Literary Club '29; Forum Staff '27, '28, '29; Hi-Y '29; "Love's Triumph" '29; Senior Class '29.

"The Smith, a mighty man is he,
Under the spreading chestnut tree,
With arms of iron and head of steel
And not a brain from hair to heel."



FLOYD W. SPENCER—"Spence"

Ambition—"Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow I may be dead."

Course—College Entrance Science

Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29; Hi-Y '29; Interclass Baseball '28, '29; Aeronautical Club '27.

"Ease with dignity."

THE FORM

GEORGE STINSON—"Stinse"

Ambition—To have helped Brutus stab Caesar and then persuaded him to shoot Cicero.

Course—College Entrance Science

Forum Staff '27, '28, '29; Band '26, '27, '28, '29; Junior Orchestra '26, '27; Symphony Orchestra '26, '27, '28, '29; L. H. S. Concert Orchestra '28; Commencement Orchestra '26, '27, '28; Senior Play Orchestra '26, '27, '28; Interclass Baseball '26, '27, '28, '29; Interclass Basketball '27, '28, '29; Varsity Football '28, '29; Freshman-Sophomore Literary Society '26, '27; Aeronautical Club '27, '28; Junior Hi-Y '26; Glee Club '29; Mixed Chorus '26, '27; Chairman Stage Committee, Senior Play '29; Co-author "Love's Triumph" and "Don't Be Blue" '29; Operetta '29; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29.

"What shall I do to be forever known
And make the age to come my own?"

ELEANOR RUTH STOWELL—"Ine"

Ambition—To laugh, to love and to learn.

Course—Stenographic

Art Club '26; Junior Class '27; Senior Class '29.

"Keep a-goin'!"

MILDRED L. STRONG—"Milly"

Ambition—To be a music supervisor.

Course—Home making

Choral Club '29; Senior Class '29.

"Work and grin,
Fight and win."

MARGARET M. STUART—"Marg"

Ambition—To have and to hold.

Course—Commercial Course

Interclass Basketball '26, '27; Senior Class '29.

"They laugh that win."



THE FORM



DOROTHY TAGG—"Dor"

Course—College Entrance Science

Choral Club '25, '26, '27, '28, '29; Junior Orchestra '27; Senior Orchestra '28; Easter Pageant '26; Latin Play '26; Sophomore Literary Club '26; Junior Literary Club '27; Junior Class '27, '28; Senior Class '29; Secretary of Musical Clubs '28, '29.

"There was a little girl
And she had a little curl
That hung not in the middle of her forehead
And when she was good
She was very, very good
But when she was bad she was horrid."

MARGARET S. TOWNSEND—"Peggy"

Ambition—To keep the "world" guessing.

Course—College Entrance Arts

Girl Reserves '25, '26; Interclass Baseball '27; Choral Club '28; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29.

"Better late than never."

HAZEL K. VAN DUSEN—"Van"

Ambition—To teach mathematics (?)

Course—College Entrance Science

Band '27, '28, '29; Orchestra '28, '29; Clarinet Octette '29; Reed Quartet '28; Assembly Orchestra '28, '29; Senior Play Orchestra '29; President, Musical Clubs '29; Freshman-Sophomore Literary Clubs '25, '26; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29.

"Music waves eternal wands,—
Enchantress of the souls of mortals!"

FAITH E. WALKER

Ambition—Why worry?

Course—College Entrance Arts

Junior Class '28; Interclass Basketball '28, '29; Girl Reserves '28; Baseball '28; Senior Class '29.

"Brains and brawn so well combined
In one quiet girl are hard to find."

THE FORM

JANE ANN WARD—"Skippy"

Ambition—Ambition ??? Sh, Don't mention it!

Course—College Entrance Science

Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29.

"It was only a glad 'Good Morning!'
As she passed along the way,
But it spread the morning's glory
Over the livelong day."

LORAIN F. WENDEL—"Rainnie"

*Ambition—To be a real, genuine blonde and not a
"Duke's Mixture."*

Course —College Entrance Arts

Freshman-Sophomore Literary Club, '26; Daisy Girl '27;
Choral Club '29; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29;
Girl Reserves '29.

"And what is so rare as a day with June."

DOROTHY M. WEST—"Dor"

Ambition—Passer l'examen de français.

Course—College Entrance Arts

Literary Club '26, '27; Interclass Baseball '28; Volley
ball '28; Choral Club '27, '28, '29; Girl Reserves '27,
'28, '29, Sec. '28; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29.

"Her voice is still living immortal
The same you have frequently heard."

JOHN E. WEUG—"Johnny"

*Ambition—To strike "Babe" Ruth out three times in a
row with nine pitches.*

Course—Commercial

Interclass Baseball '23, '24; Baseball Reserves '27; Var-
sity Baseball '28, '29; Forum Staff '26, '27, '28, '29;
Literary Club '23, '24; Aeronautical Club '27; Interclass
Basketball '23, '26, '28; Basketball Reserves '27, '28.

"If at first you don't succeed, hurl another!"



THE FORM



LITA J. WHEELER—"Lit"

Ambition—To be King Alfonso's private secretary.

Course—College Entrance Arts

Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29.

"'Twas in a little Spanish town upon a night like this."



MILDRED L. WHITE—"Milly"

Ambition—To gain "the ornaments of life."

Course—College Entrance Arts

Literary Club '27; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29.

"Never having much to say,
Gentle and quiet in every way."



EDWARD F. WICK—"Ed"

Ambition—To climb the mountains with Alvin York.

Course—General

Hi-Y '24, '28, '29; Aeronautical Club '28; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29.

"Do tomorrow what you don't feel like doing today."



NEILAND WILLE—"Wellie"

Ambition—To own a chain of Drug Stores.

Band 26, '27, '28, '29; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29.

"Almost all occupations are cheered and lightened by music."

THE FORM

ELIZABETH N. WILLIAMS—"?"

Ambition—To be a harpist.

Course—College Entrance Arts

Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29; Choral Club '25, '26, '27, '29; Orchestra '29.

"The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed
Now hangs as mute in Tara's halls
As if that soul were fled."

FREDERICK WILLIAMS—"Freddie"

Ambition—Esse quam videri.

Orchestra '26, '27, '28; Glee Club '29; Tennis Team '28;
Senior Play '29; "Love's Triumph" '29; Hi-Y '26, '29;
Presentation '29; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29;
Dramatic Literary Club '29; Interclass Baseball '29.

"Fame, a sovereign diety of proud ambition."

KARL D. WILLIAMS—"Bunny"

Ambition—"Festina lente."

Course—College Entrance Science

Love's Triumph, Mgr; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29; Hi-Y '29.

"Ditto."

E. MAURINE WILSON—"Reenee"

Ambition—Hostess in the White House.

Course—College Entrance Science

Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29; Freshman Literary Club '26; Sophomore Literary Club '27.

"Constancy in human nature."



THE FORUM

FRANK FIEDLER—"Fied"

Ambition—"To tackle Red Grange."

Course—Academic

Football '27, '28; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29.

"God's mill grinds slow, but sure."

WILLIAM R. SPEARRIN—"Bill"

Ambition—To turn over a new leaf.

Course—College Entrance Arts

Forum Staff '28, '29; Tennis Team '27, '28; Junior Class '28, Secretary '28; Senior Class '29.

"To take a little ferry
Across the River Rhine
To make a little nest for us
On the other side."

HAROLD F. SUTHERS—"Suds"

Ambition—To be on time.

Course—Academic

Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29; Electrician for
"Love's Triumph"; "The Family Upstairs", "Finger-
prints", "Belle of Barcelona."

"Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow."

RUTH C. URBAN—"Hoop"

Ambition—To swim in a permanent wave.

Course—College Entrance Arts

Senior Class '29.

"O stature small, but ideals high."

THE FORM

THE CLASS OF '29

Verse I

We are leaving you, dear Lockport High
With mem'ries of friendship that will never die
As thru the years we go along our
Thots with thee will linger each time we sing this song.

Chorus:

Here's to our class, the class of twenty-nine
The old comrades good and true of Dear Lockport High
Thru all our pathways wherever we may be
Our old Rose and Silver, we'll ever cling to thee.

Verse II

Rose bringing promise for the years
This last time we view thee thru a mist of tears
Our silver lining we shall see, for
We dear Alma Mater are ever true to thee.

Music by Clara Foote

Words by Lucy Mannino

COMMENCEMENT SONG

'Tis June, the month of roses,
Of golden sunny hours,
Of liquid bird notes calling,
The month of sun and flowers.
And nature's myriad voices
From field and stream repeat,
The song our hearts are singing,
Commencement Day to greet.

Right joyfully we hail thee,
O, long expected day!
Yet there's a thrill of sadness
That will not pass away.
For autumn's golden weather
No more for us will tell
The hour of glad returning,
To scenes we love so well.

No more the good old friendships,
No more the well known ways,
For us new paths must open,
New duties fill our days.
But time can never alter
Devotions tried and true
And mem'ry will make sweeter
The joys that here we knew.

So, classmates stand together,
As heartily we raise
One loyal song at parting,
In Alma Mater's praise.
May fortune smile upon her
May men her name enthrone
And we forever cherish
Her honor as our own.

Chorus:

Lift up your voices clear and strong!
Hope gilds the future's way.
Love lights the past we've known so long,
Hail! to Commencement Day!



SENIOR PLAY

THE FORM

SENIOR PLAY

A "great success" is the only term adaptable for the senior play "The Family Upstairs" presented Friday evening, April 19. "The Family Upstairs" was one of three plays which perfectly typifies family life. An over ambitious mother, whose one and only desire is to get her twenty-one year old daughter married, and a patient over-worked father comprise the heads of the family.

"Mrs. Hiller" as "mother" was delightfully portrayed by Lucy Mannino while Frederick Williams played the role of "pop" to perfection. Louise Hiller, the fair daughter, over whose fate there was such a controversy, worked in an office and through business acquaintances was a little "ahead" of her family.

"Louise" was "papa's pet," however "Willie" was "mama's darling". Willie was the seventeen year old shiek of the family who was very fond of girls and equally shy of work. He and twelve year old "Annabelle" were constantly quarelling especially at the table. Next to marrying "Louise off" "Mothers" greatest ambition was to teach "Annabelle" how to play the piano.

Eugene Kilroy and Marian Campbell made a surprisingly true to life brother and sister and kept their audience in gales of laughter at their antics. Dorothy Nicholls enacted the role of "Louise" and gracefully typified the modern stenographer.

Every play must have a hero so "The Family Upstairs" had one in the person of "Charles Grant" otherwise Elliot Dix the cause of all the confusion and the answer to "Mother's prayers." The plot thickens when "Louise" announces at dinner that she expects a young man to call that evening. The family is overcome with surprise—"Mother" is overjoyed.

That night, after "Mrs. Hiller" tries to impress "Louise's" young man the couple became secretly engaged.

The following Sunday "Charles" calls to take "Louise" on a picnic. This time "Mother" puts on so many airs and uses such "flowery" speech that the young man is lead to believe that he would be doing "Louise" a great injustice to take her from such luxury. He is thus misguided when Mary Plant, pleasingly characterizing the gossipy old maid dressmaker, makes such a fuss over the couple. The engagement is broken and family affairs are in bad state. "Pop" Heller comes to the front and brings the two together but not before the sophisticated, yet charming "Mrs. Grant," in person of Clara Foote comes to the Heller flat with her little boy "Herbert", played by Kenneth Bogardus, in defense of her older son.

The Class of 1929 also extends to Harold Suthers, electrician; Braden Fitzgerald, advertising manager; Wayne Folger, business manager; Neru Alix, Robert Buchanan, Emerson Holley, Angela Daley, Joseph Shure, James Mulvey, Douglas McArthur and George Stinson sincere thanks in heartiest appreciation of their work.

CANDID COLYUMIST

THE FUTURE OF THE CLASS OF '29

Class day will dawn bright and warm. That ceremony, though long looked forward to will be a sorrowful one. The prophecy will be read and no doubt taken amusingly at the time. The class will file out and forget whether they are to be blacksmiths, plumbers, school teachers or what have you?

September will find the 29ers making ready for new conquests. Fully half of them will have "pulled up their stakes" and set out for broader and better fields in college. Those that remain behind will not be slow to take over the reins of government and business. The grit and spirit that have never said die, that held in a hard plunging football line or a furious basketball contest will meet a worthy opponent, fate. But, fate can be shaped and they will do it.

Now let us imagine that old "Dad Time" has brushed aside ten years and the class of 29 is holding its first reunion. The class prophecy has been carefully preserved by someone and is being read to determine its validity. Its truth is almost unbelievable. The doctors are plentiful and regular "cut ups". The number of dentists is probably due to all the tooth pulling our patient teachers were required to do to get us through. City planners, victims of city planning essays, control about half the city council and are still trying to move the high school. It is also found that our lawyers are trying to keep the city out of debt, while the politicians are struggling with the taxes.

Won't it be a great town in ten years time? If you don't believe it half a score of years from now tell me what you think is wrong.

—Gene Kilroy

THE DERBY CLUB

Have you ever been to a circus? If you have, you certainly must have seen the clown and his donkey, both resplendent in gaudy brown derbies. You must also have sensed the general outburst of hilarious laughter which greeted them upon being spied by the audience. But, alas and alack, they were looking silly to receive pay. Students of this institution of learning are donating their services to the humorous public. The only real difference between a student of Lockport High School garbed in a brown derby and the stupid ass in the circus is that the latter was forced to wear the derby by his master while the modern youth wears it gladly and voluntarily. I might add that the donkey's ears don't look so big. Surely the author of "Sweethearts on Parade" would find ample material for a new song, namely "Nitwits Thus Arrayed," if he stood out in front of the school

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any afternoon at 2:45 when the "twenty-five cent up" club comes out of school. There is no matinee on Saturdays or Sundays. Al Smith's brown derby makes him conspicuous; the derby of the Lockport High student makes him ridiculous. So be it.

—Francis L. Madden

WHY STUDY FOREIGN LANGUAGES

That's what I wanna know. Why must we excogitate every night to resuscitate the rhetorics of Cicero from the fusty and mildewed paliographs when someone who has mused for a myriad of years could greatly transcend our interpretations?

Our pedagogues frequently elucidate the motive. From times immemorial, it has been manifested that this jargon was the superstructure of our matron tongue.

Therefore, it is my conviction and that of my colleague that the study of archaic speech be discontinued as a requisite for graduation.

—Paul Smith.

PARTING

'Tis June, all the girls that with shy glances
Captured youths at the mid-winter dances
Have forgotten them, and the youths themselves
Know they have been put back upon the shelves.

"Our love for them is dead," and no more their silly letters
Shall tease our memories with sorry fetters.
Our love is still living but that is for you
Dear Lockport High-School of the gold and blue.

Though we part from you some sad day,
Our love and memory shall linger alway,
And in the busy years may we not seek in vain
Some happy day when we shall meet again.

I have done nothing to bring you great fame
But still I fain hope you will cherish my name.
Forgive me and grant me your blessing today
For the lessons you've taught shall be my mainstay.

—Lita Wheeler, '29.



SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

LITERARY

SHADOWS OF THE NORTH

Douglas McArthur, '29

Northern Canada has long been the lonely home of our greatest hunters and fur trappers. Occasionally the hunting would be very good near one spot, and to this spot, hunters and trappers from all over the continent would swarm. Naturally, the homes of these fur seeking men would be grouped into a sort of nest, and this nest would grow to be a small town and trading post.

Such was the case in the beginning of Beaver's Point, a small trading post, two hundred miles west of Hudson Bay. Beaver's Point had found it's way to existence through hunters who came there years ago, and now only a few remained who remembered its beginning.

It was situated in a narrow valley, well protected from raw winds by sharp hills which rose proudly to the clouds keeping out all but the noon sun.

The regular short spring had brightened the town, as usual, but a stranger upon approaching would pronounce it utterly deserted except for the occasional appearances of men from Donovan's Café. Some of them walked straight and alert as if on their way to make some big business deal while others, somewhat unbalanced, looked around as if undecided as to which way to go, or perhaps not caring.

It was Saturday afternoon, and Pop Peters was, as usual, in town buying his week's supplies. Pop was the oldest inhabitant of the town, or near the town for he lived three miles north with his wife and four children. The four children were sons of his own daughter who died two years before leaving the orphans in care of Pop. This all added to the misery of the Peters family for Pop found it hard enough to support his wife and himself because of his old age. All of his life he had lived in the vicinity of Beaver's Point and was once one of the best trappers known. Now, his age prohibited the long trapping trips every day, but in spite of this he toiled on and always had money for his purchases in town.

Everyone looked up as he strode unto Murry's grocery store rather briskly.

"Hello Pop," said Ray Anderson, "How's the fur going this week?"

"Not so good, son," returned Pop dismally, "lost over half my last shipment in the train wreck at Saunder's Crossing."

"That's too bad," said Ray sympathetically, "but I hear they're taking a big jump soon."

Pop gave him a short look from the corner of his eye but said nothing.

No further conversation was carried on. Pop piled his groceries into his long arms and left the store. Ray rose and followed.



BRASS QUINTETTE

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Now, Ray Anderson was a man of mystery to the people of Beaver's Point. Two years before, he had drifted into the town as a trapper, seemed to have plenty of money and took up quarters at Donovan's Cafe. He had stayed there these two years, always paid his bills promptly and could flash a large roll at any time. He talked little of his past but won friendship with everyone in the village. Though he was only twenty-nine years old, his large frame commanded respect from all of his fellow-men and usually got it.

Pop climbed into his wagon and drove off for home while Ray watched until he disappeared. Ray walked slowly to the Café and retired to the rear of the building where he entered a small room. Light from a single window in the rear of the room was cast upon a rough floor somewhat strewn with papers which had evidently fallen from the small desk in the center of the room. An old sink supporting a pump filled one corner and gave off a faint odor. The room was shut off from the rest of the cafe, and an old bed against the north wall gave evidence that this had been Ray Anderson's room for these two years.

The faint smile left Anderson's face as he closed the door behind him and pulled a chair up to his desk. Immediately he was lost in an entanglement of papers.

It was not until after seven o'clock that evening that he looked up from his work. He heard the ever familiar steps of Mary Donovan, the unspoiled daughter of Mike Donovan, bringing his mail to him. This had always been her little chore, but somehow Ray had forgotten her this night, and when she entered he did not look up to greet her. He remained with his head still sunk into his hands pondering deeply.

"You seem troubled," said Mary easily, "Are you still figuring?"

"Yes, still figuring," said Ray looking up. "Just another problem the government has given me to figure out."

It seemed to Mary that Ray had several of these government problems to figure out, and such answers about them as he just gave her, often left her in bewilderment.

"Perhaps I can help you," suggested Mary at last.

"Oh No," Ray answered quickly, "By the way, you have my mail?"

"Yes, two American posted letters," she said handing them to him. "Are you going to eat soon?"

"Yes, I shall be in, in half an hour. I am getting pretty hungry."

Mary left the room, and Ray watched her with fixed eyes.

"Oh God," he wailed at last, "why do I have to live like this? Why did you pick on me?"

A painful look crept over his face as he looked up at the ceiling and then let his head fall into his arms on the desk before him.

An hour later he raised his head. He was feeling hungry and lonesome. He stood before the mirror gazing at himself.

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"Fool!" he cried.

And at that moment a careless look crept into his face. He flung the chair to one side, placed his hat on his head and left the room. He went to the front of the café and entered.

"Hullo boys!" he shouted in a careless tone, "who's drinkin'?"

Everyone looked up, surprised at his sudden change. He was not the Ray Anderson of a few hours ago, so stern and so quiet. But no one cared for this change so much as they did for the roll of bills Ray was fumbling with so everyone swarmed to the bar. The best gin was ordered and everyone drank freely. For the first time in those two years Anderson was seen drunk.

It was not until his money was gone that Ray was neglected and left alone in the farthest corner of the room in a drunken sleep. His arms were sprawled on the table, and his head lay with one side of his face downward in a small pool of gin.

It was these conditions which induced Bill Carson to become bold with his enemy and start to "get even."

Ray had always commanded respect from Carson and had always got it, at first by force and later through willingness on the part of Bill.

Carson strode into the café and up to the bar.

"Hullo Kit; glass of gin," he said calmly.

"Did you notice?" said the bartender nodding toward the drunken figure of Ray.

Bill turned around and gave a start when he saw Anderson.

"Well, well, watch me have my fun, now," said Carson giving Kit the wink.

He walked softly across the room, reached down and grasped the two table legs directly across from Anderson and gave them a quick pull. Anderson's relaxed body went in a heap at the foot of his chair. At first, he was dazed and inclined to lie there, but he suddenly raised his head, his nose bleeding and his face covered with blood. A roar of laughter went up from the men. Anderson looked around with a silly grin on his face until his eyes met those of Bill Carson who was laughing aloud at the supposed joke. Anderson stood up. The laughter left the room. It was the most haunting moment in the history of Beaver's Point. Ray calmly wiped the blood from his face taking his time but never once taking his eyes from Carson. His drunken stupor had suddenly left him. Nothing seemed to matter, now, in this man's life, and all the fires of Hell could not stop him from killing Carson at that moment. He strode to the bar and took a mouthfull of gin but did not swallow it. It was after this that those in the café witnessed the most furious man to man battle ever seen in Beaver's Point. For nearly half an hour, they fought until Ray drove Carson to the bar and knocked him down. As he did so, he backed to the door of the Café waiting for Carson to get up. For a while Carson was dazed, then he gave Anderson a hateful look, reached into his hip pocket and whipped out an automatic. Anderson gave a

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start, and at that moment Pop Peters entered the door of the café and stood between Anderson and Carson. It was too late for thinking. Carson shot. Pop gave a slight jolt, stood still for a moment and then fell to the floor at Anderson's feet. It all happened in the fraction of a moment, but Ray held his wits together and took Pop to old Doc Smith.

After being assured that Pop was all right, Ray returned to the café. He entered with a masterful look on his face, standing erect near the door. There was a murderous look in his eyes.

"Where's Carson?" he demanded.

"Just went out the back way," said Kit nervously. "He probably won't come back here."

Anderson gave Kit a quick glance as if to say, "No, Kit, he won't come back here," and then he left.

It was true. Bill Carson never came back to Donovan's Café for the next day he was found just outside of Beaver's Point with two .45 bullet holes in his left side. Three empty cartridges were found in his automatic, so it was as Anderson said, he probably committed suicide.

* * *

"Doc says Pop's pretty low, to-night," said Kit as Ray entered the cafe a week later. "Thought he was getting better, but his spirit broke down this afternoon when he found that blood poisoning had set in."

Anderson gave a sigh and sank into a chair.

"That man's got to live," he said after a while. "Where is Mary? Tell her I want to see her," he continued, "we've got to do something."

Kit disappeared upstairs and soon returned with Mary following him.

"Mary, will you go up to Pop Peter's with me right now? I guess he needs us pretty bad," said Ray without looking up.

Anderson's broken tone seemed to convince Mary strongly, for she was immediately upstairs preparing to go.

Anderson rose and left the cafe heading toward Murry's grocery store. Fifteen minutes later he drove a horse and wagon to the front of the store, loaded in many things, evidently groceries and was soon with Mary on the way to Peter's cabin.

"I can't understand why Pop jumped in front of me that night, Mary," said Ray after they had ridden for some time. "Doc won't let me see Pop, and I'm worried sick over him. Pop's about the only man I ever trusted, and Carson nearly got him on my account. What a dog I am."

"But Ray, why do you say that?" questioned Mary.

"You don't understand, Mary," Ray said. "No one does, but I am mean as a dog. Not worth a hair from Pop Peter's head."

"But why—" Mary began.

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"Some day, you may know, Mary, but now, we've got to help Pop;" Ray broke in.

Mrs. Peters greeted the two as best she could and thanked God that they had come.

Mary set to work making Pop as comfortable as possible and cleaning the room as best she could. Ray took the things he had brought into the small kitchen and then sat by Pop's bedside until dawn, when Mary came in followed by old Doc Smith. Doc worked over the patient for over an hour before he said a word.

"He is improving fast," he said at last. "He will live, now, if we give him much care."

Much care was given and four weeks later he was as well as he was before that fateful night.

Ray said nothing to Pop about his actions that night, and Pop said nothing to Ray until one day he asked, "What's become of Bill Carson, Anderson?"

"Bill Carson?" said Ray as if thinking. "Oh yes, remember that night in Donovan's Cafe? He nearly got you that night, but they found him next morning with two lead plugs in him."

"Too bad," said Pop seriously, "but I couldn't let him get you so easy. I've known him for a long time, and I know he'd 'ave got you sure, that night."

"I had an idea I was in for it, and I would have *gotten* it too if you hadn't taken it, Pop," said Ray.

Pop smiled and started for home. Anderson went to the café and took a table in the farthest corner from the door. For nearly an hour he sat at his table watching the men come and go from the café. Suddenly Kit came into the room, looked about anxiously and upon seeing Anderson, made hurriedly for his table. The anxious look on his face told Ray that something was wrong.

"Better watch your step," said Kit, "the Canadian Mounties are here, and I heard them asking the Sheriff for you. One of them flashed a bill to be hung up for you. Your picture's on it and \$5,000 reward."

Anderson gave Kit an anxious look and then rose and left the café. As he did so, he saw the police walking toward him with the Sheriff. He lost not a moment. Quickly as a flash he ran to the rear of the cafe, locked the door of his small room and continued on his way around the building. Upon reaching the corner of the café opposite from the one where his door was located, he waited until he heard the police pounding at his door. His plan had worked. The police thought he was in his room. Anderson ran to the front of the café and toward the stable back of Murry's store. On his way, he tore the poster for his capture from the post in front of the store. The poster read:

WANTED

RAY ANDERSON—KING JOHNSON

ROBBERY—MURDER

\$5,000 REWARD

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He tucked it in his shirt as he mounted the horse which he kept in Murry's stable. An idea had suddenly struck him and it must be carried out. He rode fast toward Pop Peter's cabin, but as he passed the café, he was seen by the sheriff. By the time the police had their horses, Ray Anderson had a good half mile start of them.

Pop Peters sat in his old cabin, eating with his family what little they had, when Anderson entered. He immediately sat down gazing fixedly at Pop. Neither of them spoke until Ray reached into the blouse, of his shirt, brought out the poster and flung it on the table.

"Son, is this true?" asked Pop after reading.

"Nothing more," said Ray as he drew a large automatic from his hip pocket. "Pop, I've been a fool. I never had a real chance, and I got the wrong start of life. I got in a mess in Chicago two years ago and came up here where you showed me what a real man is. You are the only true friend I've ever had, Pop, and now, I've got to go back and pay up. I knew they'd get me, and they're on—"

He stopped suddenly. The thumps of horses' hoofs could be heard coming down the road.

"Pop, promise me you'll do just as I say?" asked Anderson quickly.

Pop thought, but only for a moment. Ray was his friend. He would do anything for Ray Anderson.

"Yes," said Pop shortly, for he knew that time counted.

"You're a man, Pop," said Ray in a rapid tone. "They're going to get me anyway, old man, but it's going to cost them five thousand iron men. Get your gun, and stand in the back door. I will drop behind that chump of bushes and shoot. When I have shot twice, I will start to run, but you're going to stop me, Pop."

"What?" said Pop excitedly.

"Don't be a fool, man," said Anderson trying to be harsh. "Somebody's going to get me and I'd rather you got me than a whole army of mounties.

Already the horses were heard at the front of the house.

"Well, good bye, old fellow," said Ray "we'll fool 'em this time, won't we? Tell Mary, Pop—tell her what a fool I was."

In a flash he was behind the clump of bushes. Pop stood in the door way, his wife looking on from a far corner of the room too frightened to speak. A shot rang out. Pop stood erect, not a muscle moved in his huge frame. There was a pounding on the front door but still Pop Peter's never flinched. He heard footsteps in the adjoining room. Two of the small boys ran to the door and braced themselves against it, but without a word. The knob of the door turned, a second shot rang from the bushes. Perspiration dripped steadily from Pops face as he waited for the dreaded moment. At last it came. Anderson stood up, threw his hand over his head and ran directly away from the cabin. Still Pop was motionless but only for a second. Then slowly, as if drawn by magic, he raised his

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gun, took aim, then closed both eyes and shot. Ray Anderson stood still and looked skyward as if in prayer. Then, as if tipped by the wind, he placed his hands across his stomach and crumbled forward to the ground.

The door of the next room was forced open. The two mounted police and the sheriff came in looking first at the frightened figure in the corner and then at the erect figure in the doorway.

"So he decided to pick on you at the last, did he?" said the sheriff. "Good thing you got him first, Peters."

Pop turned slowly around while the two police went out after Anderson. They brought him into the cabin. His left side had been just grazed and though conscious, he kept his head down and his eyes closed.

"Anderson," said the sheriff, "you are under arrest for the robbery of Chicago First National Bank, and for the murder of Bill Carson."

Pop Peters gave a flinch but remained silent. He saw now that it was Anderson who got Bill Carson that night, and he began to understand the government problems that Ray had had to solve.

The three officers took Anderson from the cabin while Pop and Mrs. Peters followed.

"There will be a little reward down at the office for you next week," the sheriff told Pop as he drove away.

Pop with his gun still in hand stood beside the ash hopper watching the four as they disappeared down the road. The still frightened Mrs. Peters stepped closer to him.

"A man," said Pop with a look of pain on his face, "and he had to go that way."

T H E S P I R I T O F '29

Frances Reese, '29

Honk, Honk.

"There's Peter now. Come on, let's have our ginger ale out doors," called Willy as she dashed out of the auditorium. The others followed and swarmed over Peter and a queer looking car for their ginger ale. It was Class Day. The program was over and some of the crowd had remained to discuss plans for the summer. Easy going and much abused Peter had been dispatched for a "drink or something" for the crowd.

"Thanks a lot, Peter. This goes right to the spot."

"Say, for heaven's sakes, do you expect I'm treating you?" he asked.

"Sure."

"Peter, just think you may never see us again and this is the last good deed you can do for your beloved class," said the laughing, black-eyed and curly headed, little Wilma Sanford, called Willy by all of her friends.

"Too bad it is. Well I won't fight with any one to-day over it, but you can all consider yourselves in debt."

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Then the usual rag and tear was thrown at Peter and his aeroplane, the "Spirit of '29." It was really an old Ford made over to resemble an aeroplane as nearly as possible. The seats were something like cockpits and there was a large propeller attached to the front. That was as far as it went. At some time there had been short wings but they were sadly battered from carrying an overload of fellows about town.

"Peter, when are you going up in a plane?"

"This summer."

"Where's the money?"

"Well I won't have any if I buy up all the ginger ale in the town that's sure."

"Peter, Peter, say, Peter, where did you get such a common name for such an uncommon person?"

"Peter the Great, son."

While the crowd was breaking up Peter and John Avery, the president of the class collected the bottles and then took Wilma and her friend Evelyn Grey, better known as "Spider" because of her long legs and arms, home.

The same night a group were gathered on Willy's porch, wondering where Peter and Jack were, when Peter drove madly into the yard and burst out, "What do you suppose has happened now? Jack has broken his hip."

"Jack?"

"A broken hip?"

"How?"

"What in the dickens will we do?"

And Willy asked anxiously, "Peter, is he hurt very badly?"

"Badly enough so that he can't be at graduation to-morrow night. We got in an accident on the way home. The 'Spirit' is all right but Jack's laid up. What will we do for a president now?"

One of the fellows spoke up, "Spider is Vice-President so she can lead us can't she?"

"But she's a girl and we have never had a girl for president on graduation," said some one else.

Spider got to her feet in a daze, "What did—? No, I can't be president that's sure. I'll call a meeting to-morrow and we can elect a boy."

"We won't do any such thing," said Willy and Peter together. Every one laughed at Willy and Peter standing so faithfully by their "Spider." But the rest stood by too and "Spider" led her class.

The next evening after graduation, Jack's three closest friends came to tell him all about it. He had been brought out on the porch and was certainly glad to see them.

"Oh gee, you really came. I knew Peter would come, but I didn't dare hope he'd bring you girls. Come here and sit beside me, Willy."

"He couldn't very well keep us away, old man," said "Spider." "Well I led

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your Senior Class. You can almost be thankful you didn't have to be there and have every one look at you first."

"First time I've known you to be so bashful, "Spider."

"Well you found out I am now. But oh, Jack, what do you suppose? We all have prizes, even Peter."

"Peter?"

"Yes, Peter," said Willy, "You know the state scholarship for the aviation school that we couldn't persuade him to try for? Well he won it."

"Peter, you old bum," said Jack. "Why in the dickens didn't you let us know you were writing that composition?"

"What's the use? You'd only laugh at me. Anyway "Spider" did know. She persuaded me to write it, but she promised not to tell."

"Well, I knew you could do it, remarked the knowing 'Spider.'"

Peter was getting too much attention for such a bashful person so he said, "Oh well that's not getting two prizes like you."

"What?"

"Yes, what, if you want to but you got the math prize and the University scholarship. Willy has the English prize and "Spider," the girl's athletic prize. Our foursome is well represented."

"I'll say so. That's great girls."

"And oh, Jack," said Willy with a little bounce, "we'll all be together next year. The three of us will be at the University and Peter not so far away."

"Well, are you going to talk all night?" asked Peter as he pulled "Spider" out of her chair. "I've promised to give you the first ride in my aeroplane but I guess you'll have to go home in the 'Spirit of '29' to-night and for the rest of the summer."

"You'll have the old bus on your honeymoon, see if you don't," said Willy. "Are you going to take me home? Jack can't."

"No, Peter, don't bother about her. Dad will take her home. Now, don't make a fuss, Willy dear, because it won't do you any good. They don't want you anyway and I do, Good night 'Spider.'"

It might be well to add that Peter and "Spider" did not have to go on their honeymoon in the "Spirit of '29" but when the happy day came they had a real up-to-date plane.

FIRE

Frederick W. Ross

It was long ago in Israel during the eighth century B. C. that a certain man sat in a great carved chair and beat a rhythmic tattoo on its arm. It was plain to see that he was disturbed and his perplexity seemed overshadowed with sadness.

The long room in which he sat was scantily furnished, but one could tell from those furnishings which were present and from the prevailing atmosphere that this was a rich man's bedchamber. His clothing also told of his position for he

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was dressed in fine material and the curves of his garment fell artistically about his limbs. He was a young man and his handsome head, usually held high, was bent. His thoughts were recalling again that scene of just last night when he had so unexpectedly met Jessica and they had sat down to talk. If it had been another he would have soon forgotten the event but it was Jessica. She was a fair woman envied by her sex, and loved by Sihon, the young man sitting here so dejectedly. They had been delighted to meet each other and had talked, as usual, of the pending topics of the day—the city, their friends, the king and queen, and then of the famine.

It was during this time that there was a famine in the land and Sihon had brought up the subject saying, "The king and Obadiah have gone to find new pasture for the horses, but I fear that in these times verdure is a scarcity."

"Truly this famine weighs heavily on the people and it is my daily prayer to Baalam that our country may be delivered," his lovely companion had answered.

There was a pause in their conversation and suddenly Sihon said as if speaking his thoughts aloud, "Baalam is no just god, it seemeth to me, for no just god would afflict his people with such a famine. This famine is a punishment." He paused, and then—"One doubts whether Baalam is truly a god and my spirit is sorely tempted to turn to the God of Abraham and Jacob."

Jessica was shocked and surprised at this statement and hastened to assert her loyalty to the pagan god. "Does not Baalam punish us for our sins with this famine?" she wanted to know. "Do we not deserve to suffer for our iniquities toward him? Such denunciations as yours rouse his wrath and I warn you to beware."

"And the God of Jacob?" asked Sihon.

Perhaps it would be well to tell here of the existing conditions in religion at this time. It was during the reign of Ahab that the God of Jacob had been forced to give way to a new god, Baalam. Ahab, the king, had married a pagan princess, Jezebel, and it was in accord with her wishes that a temple and altar had been built to Baalam. Some of the people had not wanted to accept this new god but finally their worship of him was forced upon them and they accepted it to save their lives. Others, who thought that a god whom they couldn't see was of no consequence, were glad to accept Baalam. So it was that paganism once more crept into Israel and the people accepted it.

As the question came from Sihon, Jessica offered the argument which those people had offered long ago.

"Does one not see Baalam and know that he is god, while if one would worship the God of Isaac he would have to imagine Him, and in imagining Him really not know of what manner He is?"

"But faith, woman, that is an essential of belief in Him. If one can have faith in Him he does not need to see Him. I would that He would come and destroy Baalam."

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This denunciation of Sihon's was probably due to the fact that his father had not always been a worshipper of Baalam. It was in the latter's memory that the change from the God of Issac to the new god had taken place, and although the man had accepted Baalam to save his life, he often talked of the old God to his son. Sihon had felt a response to his stories of the God of Jacob and had long wished to know more of Him.

He turned to Jessica with, "Could not my God be the one who is punishing us for our sins? Could He not be as well stirred to wrath as Baalam?"

And so they had argued—the one for the idol and the other for the old God. The argument grew hotter and love was forgotten, while firm words of denunciation, each of the other's god, ensued. Both seemed certain that his God was the better. Both offered what proofs they could to prove the supremacy of one god over the other and yet neither of the two persons was ready to acknowledge a single point the other made. One word led to another and when Sihon suddenly turned from the woman, thoroughly disgusted with what he thought was stupidity, he told her she was "truly stupid and stubborn like all women."

Jessica had not failed to retort, saying, "And thou, despised one, get thee from my sight and go among the dogs where thy wild barkings can meet with wilder responses."

So they had parted and what they thought was to be a pleasant conversation had turned out to be a mad argument. It was about this affair that Sihon was thinking on the next morning. He was perplexed because he didn't know which god was the right god (though he insisted that it was his own) and sad because he loved Jessica while the breach that would come between them from their foolishness was not pleasant to contemplate. Many were the happy hours they had spent to-gether, many the times.

His thoughts were interrupted by the entrance of a servant who rushed into the room crying, "Master, the king has sent for the children of Israel to come to Mount Carmel for it is there that the prophet Elijah will prove that Baalam is a false god."

"Elijah? Baalam a false god?" After having just thought about his quarrel with Jessica, Sihon was not expecting any such news as this and he was most surprised. He thought that he must be dreaming and passing his hand over his eyes he muttered, "Baalam a false god?"

This was too much for the rich man and he turned to the servant with the question, "Where have you obtained this news?"

"My lord, the king's messengers are everywhere and even now you yourself can see that the streets are full of people," explained the slave.

Sihon went to the street at once and found it was as the servant had said. Everywhere people were hurrying toward the great Mount Carmel in the distance. As Sihon made his way through the crowd murmurs of "False prophet", "Beggar", and "Liar" were heard among the people. However, there were some who

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whispered more hopeful phrases as, "Deliverer", "Messenger of the God of Issac" and "Blessed Elijah". As he elbowed his way along toward Carmel, Sihon realized that he was not the only one who had longed to know the God of Issac better and his heart beat faster as he wondered if this man would be able to prove that God was God.

Many people were already at the Mount when Sihon arrived. What a contrast the conflicting parties for the different religions made. On one side was Elijah and his attendant. He was a man with wild shaggy hair, dressed in a sheep skin coat yet he had a certain calm air about his person that made him respected and feared. On the other side were the eight hundred and forty prophets and priests of Baalam and Astoreth, another pagan goddess. Some of the people were snickering, some were cursing and others were bowed in silent prayer.

After a while Elijah proposed that a sacrifice be offered on both of the altars without a fire beneath them saying, "And the God that answereth by fire, let him be the God."

The priests and prophets of Baalam accepted this and made ready their sacrifice, calling on Baalam to send the fire. They called until noon and then cut themselves with knives and lances, but with no avail. At midday Elijah had repaired the altar of God and in the evening, after putting the wood in order and sacrificing the bullock, he ordered water to be poured three times on the sacrifice and the ditch around the altar to be filled.

The people who had watched all day were no longer snickering. Baalam had not answered and a silence was upon them. They were filled with awe at Elijah's actions and waited impatiently to witness the success or failure of the prophet. Truly, they thought, even this Jehova can not burn water, and yet they were still, hoping and waiting.

As evening came on Sihon had sought Jessica in the crowd and was standing beside her. No words had been spoken, but each saw in the other's face an expression of shame and sorrow for what had happened between them. As they stood silently there Elijah lifted his voice and cried, "Lord, God of Abraham, Issac and of Israel, let it be known this day that thou art God in Israel and I am thy servant."

And as the prophet waited suddenly a fire descended from heaven and consumed not only the sacrifice, but the wood, the stones and even the water. When Jessica saw the fire consuming the offering, she grasped her companion's hand lovingly and with fear saying the while in an awed voice, "Fire".

The multitude fell on their faces and worshipped the new, yet old God once more. But not long did they remain adoring for Elijah called out for revenge on the pagan prophets. The people rose and in one accord loudly clamored for the blood of these men. Sihon still held Jessica's hand and now he drew her gently away from the multitude. Let the others kill Baalam's prophets, he thought. The fire of God had given him back his love and he must hasten to heal the breach he had made and once more pour out his affection in extravagant praises.



GLEE CLUB

THE FORM

A PROFITABLE ADVENTURE

Shanette M. Goggin

"Yoo-hoo, Mary!" yelled Bill Swifter, as he was running across the college campus seeking someone who answered to the name of 'Mary'. Bill was a strapping, healthy young fellow and handsomer than he had any right to be. I might also add that he was absolutely 'crazy' over Mary Stinson.

Mary was a tall, graceful girl with fluffy, blonde, bobbed hair and gorgeous blue eyes, enhanced by long, dark eye-lashes. Her mouth was an adorable cupid's bow and her nose a tilted pug affair which added greatly to her charm and helped to captivate Bill Swifter's heart.

At the sound of the familiar voice, Mary turned and answered in a bright and cheery voice.

Bill soon caught up with her and explained his excitement.

"Mary, will you go to the dance with me two weeks from tomorrow night?"

At these words, Mary's former brightness changed completely and her expression became decidedly serious. This was the moment she had been dreading for sometime. She knew that it was coming, but she didn't know how to meet it. She paused a few seconds and when Bill saw her expression of dismay, he asked anxiously.

"Mary, what's the matter? Surely nothing has happened in the last few minutes to make you look so downcast. What is it? Tell me Mary, have I done anything?"

"Bill, I can't go with you. Jack asked me the other day, a—a— and I accepted."

"Oh, well, if you'd rather go with him than with me, it's all right, because, you know, there are plenty of other nice girls in the school besides you, and I guess I won't have any trouble getting someone to go with me." Jack tried hard to say this very indifferently, but, nevertheless, there was a hint of anger in his voice.

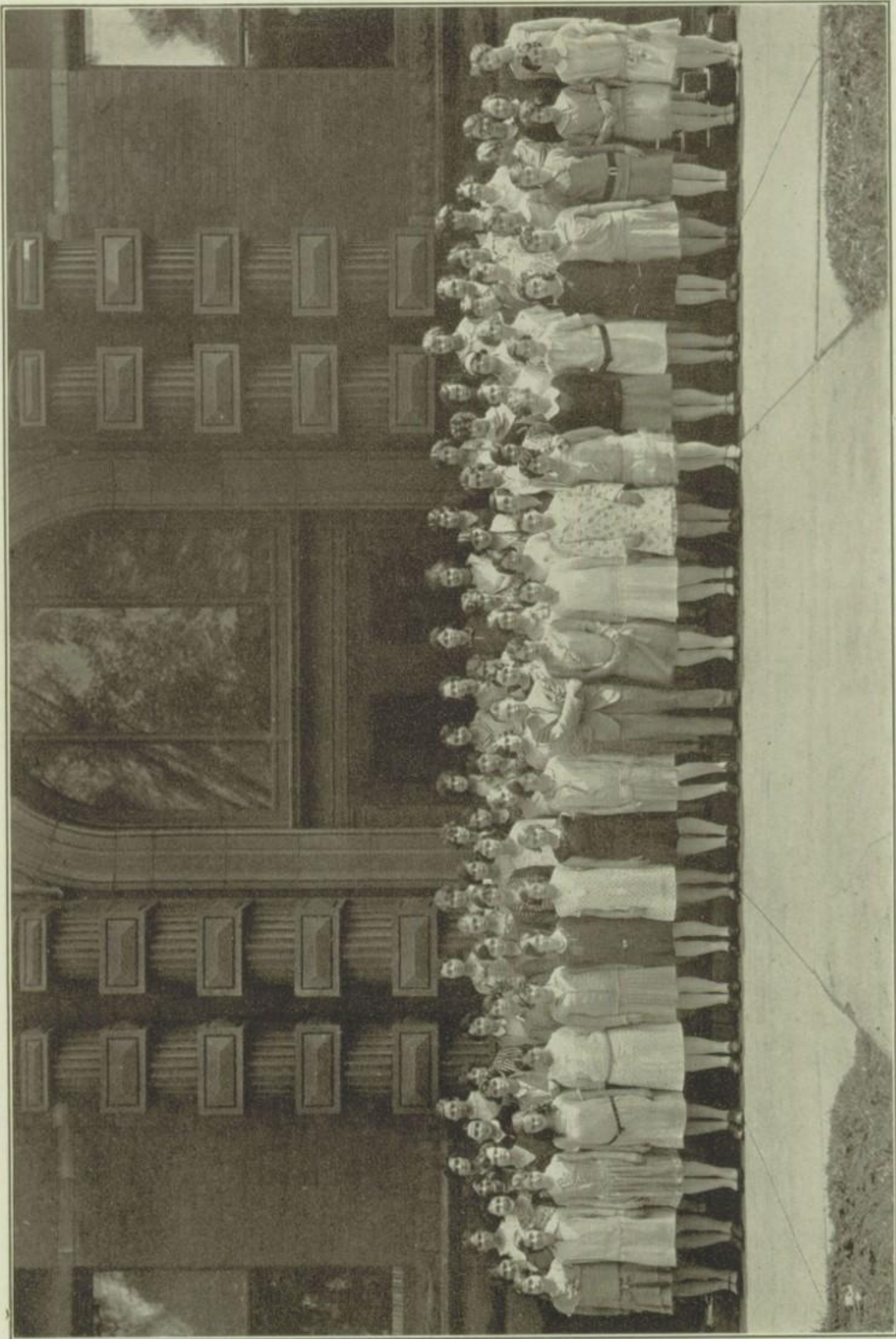
"But, Bill, I couldn't help it. He——"

"You could too. You knew that I'd ask you. I haven't taken anyone else to a dance this year and I've gone to everyone and this is no exception. You might have known that I'd ask you to this one too!" With that Bill started away, very much depressed and sad and too hurt to care whether he ever went to another dance or not.

Part of Bill's jealous anger arose from the fact that Jack was one of the most popular boys in the college and Bill was fearfully afraid of losing Mary.

Mary rushed after Bill and catching up to him, tried to make him listen to reason, but in vain. He was mad, no not mad, but wholly crushed at the thought of Mary's going to the dance with someone else.

Mary and Jack arrived at the dance rather early and when Mary saw Bill walk in with a perfectly stunning brunette whom she had never seen before, she was, to say the least, very much surprised. She made a great effort to be especially



CHORAL CLUB

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nice to Bill when she saw him, but it did her no good, as Bill absolutely snubbed her.

Later on in the evening, between dances, Mary managed to slip out of the dance hall into an adjoining balcony. She left the hall in an attempt to forget her ill humor.

As luck would have it, Bill also went out to seek refuge from the gaiety of the crowd just a few minutes after Mary. He, too, thought that he would find the balcony a perfect haven for forgetting his troubles.

It was a perfectly magnificent evening, one to make poets compose symphonies about God's beauteous nature. The myriads of tiny stars, twinkling in the skies as though the whole were at peace with each and every individual, the quietness of the surroundings, and the wonderfully cooling breeze, all tended to alleviate any misunderstandings. Mary basked in the beauty of all this to her heart's content; in fact she was so hypnotized by the magic of it all that she gradually forgot her reason for coming there. It was all so lovely, so like a dream that she did not want to be disturbed from her present state of bliss.

Shortly afterwards Bill stepped out on the balcony, but luckily Mary neither saw nor heard him, so he had the opportunity of watching her from the corner. He thought that he had never seen her so beautiful as she seemed that night while standing on the balcony, gazing out into the mystic night. Then something within him said, "Go make up with her, you fool. She is most likely in an especially kind and forgiving mood and will be willing to let bygones be bygones, as she certainly must be furious at you, particularly since you brought such a stunning girl to the dance. After a few moments meditation, he said to himself, "Well, it might help matters a good deal if I do try to fix up everything and I guess it's worth trying." With these thoughts, he started forward, but had not advanced more than a step, when —————.

A little while before this, three rough looking men appeared on the edge of the campus.

"Remember, you two birds, when the two of them are together on the balcony, grab 'em. It may be late, it may be early, but that doesn't make any difference. They both have very wealthy parents and we can hold 'em for a big ransom. Now, don't forget, she's a blue-eyed blonde, tall, slim and athletic in build. I'll be waiting for you in the car."

"Yes, but how do you know that she will be on the balcony? Suppose she doesn't go out there, then what'll happen?" inquired one of the trio.

"Now don't worry, I've taken care of that," answered the first speaker who seemed to be the leader, "I've been keeping an eye on 'em for a long time and whenever the two of 'em go to a dance together, they manage at some time or another to slip out on the balcony alone."

"We get' cha, boss. Jim's to hide in one corner behind the plants and me in the other, O. K.?"

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"O. K. See you later. Now don't dare fail me, or you'll suffer plenty for it."

Bill had hardly gone a step toward Mary, when the two men crouched behind the plants seized Bill noiselessly from behind. Mary also had the same fate. They tightly gagged both of them and soon bound Mary beyond all resistance. However, they had a harder time with Bill, for he put up a strenuous fight, but the two large men were too much for him and eventually overcame him. The two were carried from the balcony and none heard the struggle on account of the noise in the dance hall.

Now that the kidnappers had all their plans working satisfactorily and had progressed a few miles toward their destination, the leader of the ruffians discovered to his utmost anger that a most serious error had been made in kidnapping the wrong couple. After severe wrangling and swearing with his colleagues, he roughly unbound his prisoners and, robbing them of all their money and jewels and admonishing them to keep their mouths shut, pushed them out into the road and drove away.

A few minutes after the bandits had disappeared and after Bill had found that Mary was safe, he said to her in a very humble way:

"Mary, I'm sorry that I acted so bull-headed about the dance. Of course, it wasn't your fault. You couldn't help it, if Jack asked you and you couldn't possibly have refused him, in view of the fact that he asked you so soon. Won't you forgive me, Mary?"

"But what about the girl you had with you tonight?"

"Oh! Gee! She was only my cousin from Detroit. Now, am I forgiven?"

"Yes. If you get me back home tonight."

"Well, then it's lucky for me that they let us off where they did. You see that light about half a mile away? Well, I know the man who owns the place and I'm sure he'll let me take his car for tonight."

KNOW YOUR HISTORY

Esther K. Abkarian, '30

"Well, Mother insists that we're descended from Henry the VIII, so why shouldn't I wear this as well as anything else to the party? The invitation said to wear historical costumes. Anyway, I think it's very becoming to my particular kind of beauty," finished Natalie Reed decidedly, as she arranged her lace ruff a bit more correctly about her throat.

"Did you say your peculiar kind of beauty?" queried her brother Bob, as he passed in the hall.

"Oh, all right, go as Catherine of Aragon, if you wish," answered Lucia, "but it seems rather pointed, especially when you know that Park Lewis is going as Henry the VIII."

"Oh, but Luke dear, you forget that 'all is fair in love and war'; so in this

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case it's all right to relive history. It may wake Park up and make him see that I'd just as leave be his wife Catherine." With these last words Natalie went to her room to remove her costume.

Their club, headed by Gloria Walker, was giving an "Historical Costume Ball", as the invitations read. Each person was to dress like a character from history, and was to wear a tag indicating whom he was impersonating. A prize was to be awarded for the best costume.

Lucia sat rather shocked for a moment; she knew that Natalie had "designs" on Park Lewis, but she hadn't thought that Nat felt so seriously about it. However, she knew that she liked Park fully as much as did Natalie, but she was sure that Nat suspected no such thing. If she had, Lucia felt that she would not have remained so long in Nat's good graces; for Natalie had a little habit of obliterating her rivals. But what was it Nat had said about all being fair in love and war? Lucia began to think.

* * *

"But Luke, what are you going to wear? Haven't you decided yet?" Natalie asked rather petulantly, for the strain of getting many yards of lace and satin to drape gracefully in approved medieval style was beginning to tell.

"Really, Nat, I haven't decided yet. I think I'll go as Queen Isabella. Mother is making my costume, and if I should find someone else is going as Isabella I can change and go as some other medieval lady. It doesn't really matter." Natalie didn't notice that Lucia's answer was rather vague.

That evening Nat called Lucia up to tell her that she had heard that Gloria Walker was going as Queen Isabella, so she supposed that Lucia would have to "find something else"; and strange as it may seem Lucia wasn't at all disturbed.

* * *

There were so many medieval ladies that Lucia had rather a difficult time finding Natalie among them. But when she found her she realized that it wasn't hard at all, for Nat's costume was by far the most elegant of all. Real satin and lace replaced the regulation sateens and net of most. At the moment of her discovery Lucia heard Park Lewis saying to Natalie, "That's a classy costume you have on, Natalie; I'll have to have the first dance with my historical consort."

Towards the end of the first dance Park looked toward a window, and saw Lucia there. She looked very old-fashioned and dainty in her lace ruff and rayon draped costume. Park whistled. "Gee, but that style of costume is becoming to Luke, isn't it, Nat?" However, his eyes were more on the fresh beauty of the girl herself than on the costume. Natalie with her dark Spanish beauty might be very appropriate in Catherine of Aragon's part; but undoubtedly she lacked a certain aliveness and joyfulness that Lucia's golden brown curls and sparkling dark eyes seemed to give off.

Natalie felt rather peeved that Park's eyes should even for a moment stray from her own fascinating self. "Oh, yes," she muttered absently, "her mother's a

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perfect wizard with a needle and a piece of material," and as an "added attraction" she pressed her sleek dark head against his shoulder.

At the end of the dance Park was instantly relieved of his partner by other admiring swains, and he hurried immediately to Lucia's side. As they swung off into the next dance Park glanced down at the card tucked into Luke's lace ruff. There he read these words, printed in Lucia's neat hand: "Ann Boleyn, the second love of Henry VIII." To himself he said, "The little minx! But it really serves Nat right." But his only act was to tighten his grasp about his partner.

* * *

Natalie easily walked away with the prize, for her costume far surpassed any other in elaborateness of both material and style. However, as she glanced about she was acutely aware of both Park's and Lucia's absence, and as her eyes found a doorway she saw them disappearing onto an adjoining balcony. For a moment the lovely prize she held lost all value. Then straightening she took her defeat in the only way she knew how—by making another conquest. As she danced off with Lewis Boles, the Roman Soldier who had romped off with the boy's first prize, she looked at him with her wellknown "fatal glance", and felt that at least he was secure for the evening.

"This was a great idea of Gloria's for a party, don't you think? But then, you can always trust Gloria for original ideas," said Lewis, hoping secretly that no one would "cut in".

"It certainly was," rejoined Natalie, rather pensively. "Really, you don't realize how much of your history you have forgotten until something like this recalls it to you."

Outside on a moonlit balcony two more people were thanking Gloria for her good ideas. Luke, in her mind's eye, saw Natalie crossing the name "Lucia Benton" off her list of intimate friends, and gave a little sigh. Then she glanced up at the handsome, stalwart figure of the pseudo Henry VIII, who at that very moment was telling her how pretty she looked when the moonlight shone on her hair "Just that way"; and she decided that it didn't matter so very much, anyway.

JERSKI

Nellie Montroy, '30

"Even if you are a might older'n I am you ain't gonna boss me," came the sharp reply from Jerski, the younger of two nine year old boys, who lived on the same street.

Seltz was three weeks older than Jerski and nearly twice his size. He often tried to show his authority over the poor little boy but not always was he successful.

They had been brought up in the slums; dirty, ragged, getting an old apple here, some dirty bread there, but never anything decent to eat.

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The argument began when Seltz tried to encourage Jerski to go down to the store and "hook some decent grub for a change." The clean food appealed to the latter but he could not be selfish. He must bring some home to his brothers and sisters and surely his mother would ask where he got it. If she found out, what would she do?

Mother! Mother! How proud she was of him. But could she be if she found him guilty of stealing something? How often she had told him never to touch anything that "didn't belong to him." What was he to do?

* * *

Jerski and Seltz had grown to the age of seventeen. The neighborhood gang of boys, with Seltz as leader, had been planning some "crooked work," as Jerski called it. He was a member, but not a very enthusiastic one. The gang threatened to "throw him out" if he didn't get in on the next "big job." If he backed out he knew that his life would be short according to the vows he had taken upon joining the gang.

The "swamp" meeting—the term given to the last meeting held before they completed a job—was in full swing.

"Don't forget! One thirty to-night at the bank. Every body masked. Every man knows his job and don't you 'bawk' or we'll get yuh tomorrow night and kill you," thus commanded Seltz.

The meeting broke up. The gang of five left the club house. Jerski lagged on behind while Seltz and the other three walked ahead discussing the gib money they'd have.

Poor Jerski! How he would hate to get caught in such work. Again thoughts of his mother came to him. She was sick in bed at home. No decent food and nothing clean. No money with which to send mother to the Mountains. Dr. Hawkins had suggested this as being the only cure for her. Yes! He *would* go in with the gang and get some money—just for mother. As this thought came to him a smile crept across his face and he hastened his speed.

When he reached home his mother explained to him, as best she could, that Dr. Hawkins wanted him to call around the next day and he'd give him a job running errands er somethin'.

The idea appealed to Jerski at first, but it was clouded from his mind by the job the gang was to 'pull off' that night.

He went to bed, but should he see Dr. Hawkins in the morning or go with the gang? It would take so long to get enough money to send mother to the Mountains if he was going to be an errand boy. But just think! Over night he could get enough money to help her if he stuck with the gang.

The moon shone through the dingy windows of the dirty place. How peaceful the moonlight was. Would he be as peaceful to-morrow night if he helped the gang? There really wasn't any danger of getting caught but a fellow couldn't tell. This thought fled as the clouds formed a shadow across the moon.

His mother would surely call him early in the night. She usually wakened him at twelve to get her medicine.

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If the moon was shining when she awakened him he decided he would go to Dr. Hawkins' in the morning, but if it was cloudy he would turn to the other path. And so Jerski fell asleep.

Some time afterwards he was awakened.

"Jerski. Jerski." How soft his mother's voice was, but the last call seemed to fade away.

He could see his mother's face, pure as a lily, in the pale moonlight. He arose and looked out of the window. There was the moon, shining brighter than ever in the still darkness of the night. He stood looking into a blank space thinking of the gang. Another cloud floated across the sky and past the moon as he thought of the possibility of being caught in the act. Those horrid bars! A cold cell! No companions! No mother to love him and yet he would do it just to help her, but . . . if he was caught he wouldn't be any help to her. He would NOT go with the gang. That was final! He would apply at Dr. Hawkins' office in the morning for the position. But what excuse could he give the fellows? They'd never believe his mother was too ill for him to leave. They'd kill him, as they had threatened. What could his mother do without him?

Having left the window, he dismissed all thoughts of the gang and began to prepare his mother's medicine.

"Here is your medicine, Mother," he said softly as he approached the bed upon which she was lying.

There was no answer. He repeated it a little softer.

"Your medicine is ready, Mother."

And again there was no reply. He took her hand in his but—oh—it was cold.

Two big tears filled his eyes as he knelt beside her.

Jerski could not help his mother now. He had plenty of excuse for not joining the gang. He had taken a chance on losing his own life for the sake of his mother but she had gone before him.

* * *

The next morning Jerski was sitting sadly by the kitchen window eating some breakfast a neighbor brought him. He shuddered at the awful stillness in his mother's room. Then he heard voices in the hall.

"Did you hear of the robbery last night? The police captured four boys, just after they robbed a bank on Park Avenue."

I'M GLAD HE WASN'T A BANDIT

Winifred La Bar, '31

"Squeak! squeak!" sounded the dry wheels of Merwin Burgess' bicycle as he rode along a dusty road one hot, dark night. That was the only sound that broke the stillness along the lonely road. "Wonder how far I've got to travel yet. Can't see a thing," he finally mumbled aloud. "If I had a light," but the next thing he

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knew, he was shooting over the handlebars and right over the top of a large animal lying in his path.

"Moo-o-o," came from the animal—a cow—as she fled into the darkness, dragging a broken chain behind her.

"Moo-o-o," imitated the dazed and somewhat angry young man as he picked himself up from the dust. "You better run or—," he didn't finish his sentence but instead, walked over to his bicycle, which had been thrown to the side of the road, tried to examine it in the darkness.

About this time, Judith Parker, a young girl of eighteen, threw down a newspaper she had been reading and listened impatiently to her grandfather, who had just come in from his barns.

"Yes, sir," he went on, "she's broken her chain and run away. That cow causes more trouble than a dozen put together. If these old rheumatics—"

"Never mind, grandfather," Judith interrupted. "I'll light a lantern and find her. She probably didn't go far." So Judith jumped from her chair, lit a lantern, and left the house for a night adventure. As she went out the door, her grandfather heard her say aloud without knowing it, "I wish I could catch them. That money would come in pretty handy." Puzzled, he took up the paper she had been reading. There, on one side of the paper were two pictures and beside them, in heavy print he read, "\$25,000 reward for capture or information leading to arrest of 'Black' Burgess and 'Red' Durham, notorious bandits, who robbed the Greenwood County Bank of \$100,000." "So that's what she meant, is it?" he mused. "Well, she'll wish a good long time 'fore she catches 'em."

Merwin Burgess was still working over his bicycle when he raised his head thoughtfully and listened to a voice a short distance away calling, "Co-boss, co-boss."

"Guess I'll wait here and see who he is. I can at least tell him in what direction his old cow went," he thought. As he waited, he saw a lantern bob around a bend in the road ahead. When it came closer, to his utter astonishment, he saw that the person carrying the lantern was a girl. She was out of breath and her face was scarlet from the heat. Merwin was suddenly so confused that all he could think to say was "Hey!"

"Oh!" screamed the girl. Then, in a frightened voice, she managed to cry out, "Who are you?"

"Burgess," came from the voice in the darkness.

"Oh!" This time, she shrieked and fell in a crumpled heap, while the lantern was luckily blown out by a gust of wind.

"Good night! I can't blame her for getting scared. Guess I shouldn't have hollered at her so loud," said the young man who had now fully regained his presence of mind. Then he jumped up, ran to her side, and relit the lantern. Setting it down beside her, he turned to the ditch for water. However, he did not have to use it, for as he came back, two brown eyes slowly fluttered open to gaze wonderingly at him. Regaining her senses, she was about to speak, when the

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young man cut in, "Don't be frightened. You're not hurt, and your cow can't be so very far off. I happened to be coming from Greenwood City, and I had the misfortune to run into your cow. I'll help you find her if you'll let me," he finished.

The idea of thinking this young man was a bandit seemed most unlikely, but Judith Parker decided that she would take no chances. His name was Burgess and he was probably running from Greenwood City. It would be rather dangerous to allow a bandit to help her find her cow, but she must corner him somehow.

"Yes," she said at length, as she rose to her feet, "you can help me find Buttercup, but we must hurry." With that, he picked up the lantern and both started off into the darkness.

They walked along in silence as both were occupied with their thoughts. Merwin glanced down at his companion now and then and reflected upon her beauty. Such nice brown hair and attractive brown eyes! Judith, too, had noticed the man at her side and tried to compare him with the Burgess in the newspaper. There was no resemblance whatever between the two. This one had a strong, honest face while the other had an evil expression. There must be some mistake! Should she try to have him arrested? At length, Judith broke the silence, "Why, we're almost to the old log cabin near the creek. Buttercup is no doubt there now."

"What log cabin?" inquired Merwin.

"My grandfather owns it," Judith explained, "but it is too far from the house to use. He intends to tear it down soon and—why I do believe there is a light in it. They had now come in view of it and both stopped abruptly when they saw the light.

"I'll blow the lantern out and we'll see who is trespassing on your grandad's property," said Merwin. Then both crept silently up to one of the open windows and peeked in. On an old table stood a kerosene lamp, burning low. From one corner of the room where they could not see, voices were heard in low conversation. Listening intently, they heard one man question another in a gruff voice, "Do you think it will be safe here for a couple of days, Red?"

"Sure," came from the questioned man. "By that time the police and troopers will be calmed down a little and then we'll make way with our booty. They won't find us here."

With that, Judith and her companion slipped stealthily away from the window, not waiting to hear any more. They found the path leading to the barns and ran hurriedly on, stumbling over rocks and tufts of grass. At last they reached the big buildings and passing them, saw Buttercup standing quietly by the watering trough. "All that chase for nothing," thought Judith—"but, no, maybe not."

The farm house was a short distance from the barns so that they reached it quickly, but out of breath.

Dashing through the open door, Judith came upon her grandparents dozing in

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their chairs. "Oh, grandfather, we've found them! We've found them! 'Phone the sheriff, quick!"

"We? Them? Sheriff?" gasped the bewildered old man, rubbing his eyes vigorously. "Why child, are you—what did you say?"

"I said—oh, I forgot. Mr-Mr-Burgess, won't you come in a while?" and then she dashed headlong into her story.

When she had finished, her grandfather jumped for the telephone.

Within an hour the sheriff had arrived at the old Parker place. Within thirty minutes more, the two bandits, "Black" Burgess and "Red" Durham, had been arrested. "Now," said the sheriff as he was leaving, "you've got some money coming to you, Miss Parker. I think that if you come into Greenwood City tomorrow you can get your reward."

"I will," Judith hastily replied, "but Mr. Burgess, this one," she indicated, pointing to Merwin, "gets half of it. You see he helped me find them."

"Just as you like," laughed the sheriff. "I'm sure it can be arranged that way."

Soon after, Merwin Burgess unwillingly took his leave. As he was going, Judith Parker managed to apologize, "I'm sorry, Mr. Burgess, that I mistook you for a bandit before we found the real ones. You see why, don't you?"

"Sure," he laughed. "It isn't very often that an incident like this happens."

"And," she went on blushing, "I hope you'll come again."

"You bet I will," with decided emphasis. "Well, I must be going. Goodbye."

"Goodbye," Judith called after him. She watched him until a bend in the road hid him from her sight, and then she added to herself, "I'm glad he wasn't a bandit—awfully glad."

SPRING

Why does it seem at the spring of the year—
That friends and home are so much more dear,
And life's just full of happiness,
I wonder now—if you can guess?

There's a reason why the sweet bird's song
Seems to linger all day long,
And every flower seems to say,
"Wait, I know Spring's on the way."

It's spring and love comes again each day,
To those who work and those who play,
Bringing to all a sudden sweet bliss,
Is there anything that can equal this?

—Clara Foote.



"W" FOR WHEADRICKS



DOC'S COMRADES



LOVE'S TRIUMPH



CAN "TRACK" ANYTHING



WHEN DAD WAS A BOY



OUR BASEBALL MAN

THE FORM

POETRY

RETRIBUTION

What a wonderful world is this
What a beautiful picture it makes
Think what a master hand is His
Who made all the woods and the lakes.

I'm glad that I'm here on His great earth,
And gladdened by His love sublime.
I hope I make of myself some worth,
Enjoy all his works which are mine.

W. R. M.

GRADUATION MEMORIES

(A Pledge)

Thou shalt never be forgotten
Dear old school days that have gone,
I shall ever remember dear Lockport High
Until my days are done.

I often dream about the future,
And the happy days to come,
And I feel that graduation
Marks a victory that's won.

June brings the ever gay commencement,
Happiness for you and me.
Future months may bring their sorrow
When our lives are all at sea.

Good-bye to you, dear old High School,
And the past school days so gay.
And I pledge to wear your emblem
Near my heart from day to day.

—Lita Wheeler, '29.

THE FORM

MUSIC OF SPRING

A way way up in the clouds today
I heard the peal of a bell
A note very soft and gentle and sweet
As it rang through woodland and dell.

It changed the land where e'er 'twas heard
The flowers peeped out of their beds
The note was music to every bird
And the tune turned peoples' heads.

This story which the music told
Just made me want to sing;
A tale, though new, is ever old
You've guessed it now, it's SPRING.

W. R. M.

SENIOR RETROSPECTION

A proud little Frosh I entered school one Fall
Determined to make a game of it all.
Sad to relate it seems as if Fate
Had deserted me.
For haughty Seniors, sophisticated Juniors and even the plodding Sophs
Entirely snubbed me, and made fun of me and snickered
For no cause at all.

They tell me "Ignorance is Bliss"
But something seemed strangely amiss.
For I was rarely in what is called "bliss,"
But quite the reverse.
However I tried and did my best and slowly conquered my awe
But oh! it was hard and the way was so long for I
Was the greenest of all.

"Slow but sure wins the race," they say,
But it took loads of grace every day,
To study, have fun, and grow up in a way
All in one.

But now I'm a Senior and days are fast fading into years of the past
And I wish I were back just a Freshman again
Not knowing much more.

—Lucy Mannino.

THE FORM

FUTILITY

To write a poem is a task
That needs no preparation;
It flows with ease from any pen
That has the proper inspiration.

No matter how we lowly mortals strive
To make our verses rhyme and match
Each other, in the end we find
Our efforts don't in any way compare
With those of some rare gifted soul
Who has real music in his mind.

So therefore, why should we, the common herd,
Struggle to grind from out our poor unfeeling souls
An inspired message that isn't there?
We waste the futile hours uselessly
And finish in a fit of rage and rank despair.

—Dorothy Abbott.

SUNSET

When at dusk man's hand is still,
And hushed is everything around,
I love to creep to window sill
And watch the sun go down.

I see its lovely golden beams
Drop stealthily below the crest,
Each brilliant ray so brightly gleams,
But all on earth breathes,—“Rest.”

The trees around are tinted gold
Amid the soft and crimson light;
Each ray of light to me unfolds
A beautiful and glorious sight.

But best of all the sunset brings,
A sense of calm and rest,
For in my heart again there rings
New hopes, new joys, new life, possessed.

—Mildred Dobbins.

THE FORM

SONG OF THE AVIATOR

Flying o'er country,
Flying o'er sea,
Scaling the mountains,
The whole world to see.

Soaring up higher,
Earth just a dot,
Touching the skyline,
Up like a shot!

Pavillions of splendor
Lose every hold,
For I'm an aviator
True, strong and bold!

Comradeship, pleasure,
Honors so fair,
These are the thrills
Of the glorious air!

Heartaches, and heartbreaks
Sorrow, despair,
These are the hardships
We find in the air.

Tragedies grim,
Desolate days,—
The fellow who wins
Is the fellow who pays.

The fellow who wins
Not laurels great,
But courage and honor,
And looks at death straight.

Peerless and fearless
And dashing am I,
Fearful of nothing,—
I'm king of the sky!

—Alonzo J. Hanagan.

TWILIGHT

Evening shadows falling,
Dusk her ditties croon,
Little birds are calling
Underneath the moon.

Breezes calmly drifting,
Over moor and dell;
Nature's voice is lifting,
Saying, "All is well!"

Dainty blossoms sleepy
Close their petals small,—
Through the woodlots creepy
Echoes evening's call.

Distant church bells pealing,
Waft their chimes so sweet,
Rest-time now is kneeling
Low at daylight's feet.

Paths familiar winding,
Seem to urge us home,
What a joy we're finding
As our footsteps roam.

Every hour of daylight
Is with gladness blest,
But to me the twilight—
Rest-time is the best.

—Mary B. Hanagan.

THE FORM

TRIVIALITIES*

When I was very young
I could not speak
As others do . . .
But twisted syllables in vain attempt
To make my elders understand.
Now I am grown . . .
But still I speak oft times in childish way,
I will not name it "butterfly" when e'er I see
A fragile, fluttering wing,
Gold spotted, downy . . .
But turning once again to childhood phrasing
I catch my breath and whisper "flutterby."

—Catherine Cothran.

MOON PORTRAIT*

Stark, stiff, cold
Outlined harshly against the sky,
Its naked arms . . . clutching . . .
An old tree.
Tangled among the upper branches
A pathetic wisp of color
The new moon, a delicate petal
Of fluffy buttercup
Staring bewildered,
Aghast at her ruin.

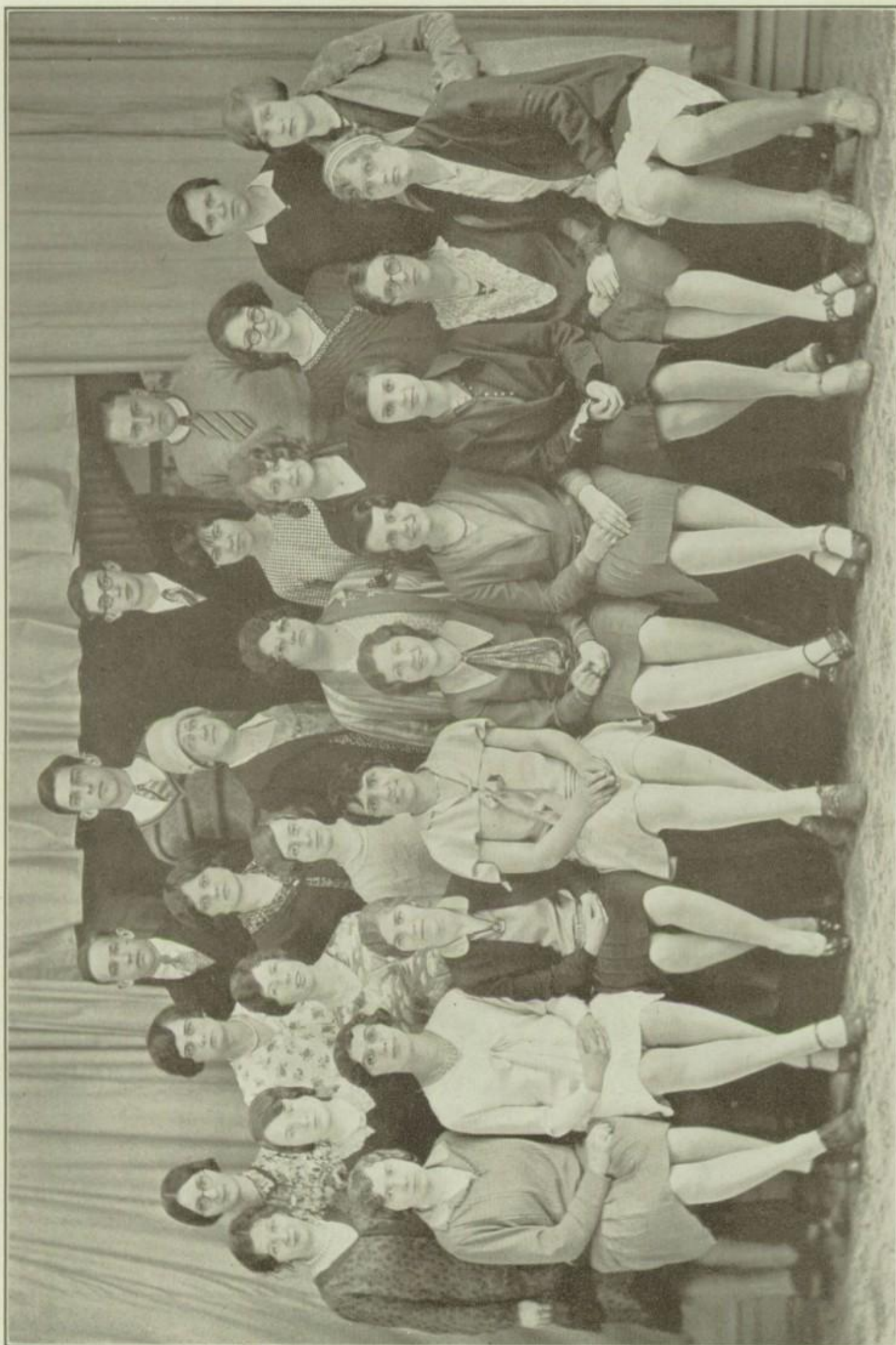
—Catherine Cothran.

*Poems printed in the International Magazine of Verse.

MYSTERY

Something is creeping across my way
And hides in the garden at close of the day.
A streamy line of yellow and gold
Touching the lilies as their petals uphold.
What is it caressing the buds so tender?
I have it! The moon in all of its splendor.

Grace Burke, '29.



ART CLUB

THE FORM

WHAT PRICE FAME

The eve of Graduation draws nigh
When most of our Seniors will say good-bye.
They depart, some taking the road to Fame
To them hard work belongs to the game.

Yet others will seek an easier goal
Thinking little of work and Life's "Honor Roll"
Willing to be counted out in success,
Their purpose in life, no poet can guess.

* * * * *

The time has passed, the years or more
The same two classes exist as before
Those who chose the long road to Fame
Have gained for themselves a well-won name.

They've toiled and they've labored; the prize is won
What matters the labor when all's said and done?
They've something to show when they finish life
What matter the worry, pain and strife.

Are you willing to risk the road to pleasure
At the end of which there awaits no treasure?
"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy",
But all play and no work successes destroy.

So remember, my friends, whate'er your way
Think much of work and not all play
There are costly prizes for this world's game
The most important; Respect, Love and Fame.

—Lorraine Sinclair, '30

ELM ALONE IN A STORM

(To an Elm I know Very Well)

When rains against my windows beat,
When winds whirl round and all is sleet,
My spirits droop, droop in defeat;
But there the lonely elm stands, a noble tree,
Old and knotty, with no one's sympathy,
With never the warmth and shelter given me.
Oh, Lord, make me courageous as an elm tree!

—Norma Wilson.



"FINGER PRINTS"

NEWS

MUSSOLINI AND THE BLACK SHIRTS

Mr. Tom Skeyhill

On April 16, 1929, thru the courtesy of the City Teachers' Association, Mr. Tom Skeyhill spoke to the citizens of Lockport on the subject of "Mussolini and the Black Shirts." Altho his position was not good, Mr. Skeyhill held his audience not only by his personality but also by his knowledge of the subject on which he spoke. He had obtained his knowledge thru long study and by intimate relations, for several years, with Mussolini.

Benito Mussolini was born in the little county of Romagna in Italy over 45 years ago. His parents were very poor and it was thru the efforts of himself and his mother that he obtained a college education. On leaving college, Mussolini wandered over the most of Europe and because of his salient socialistic ideas, at the age of thirty, he was a marked man.

When he found that all Italy was disintegrating because of the corruption of the politicians, Mussolini himself went to all parts of his native land and stirred the countryside to the dangers which they were approaching with unseeing eyes. All the groups which he formed were called facists or more commonly "Black Shirts." After many victories and defeats, Mussolini again had to come to the aid of his country in 1922 and with the aid of his facists, he was made the Premier of Italy. He holds the liberty of the people in his very hands and keeps it there.

It was thru the carelessness of the Italian people that they lost their liberty. When they had the power in their own hands, they abused it. They elected people to important offices who were corrupt and who used the power given them for their own use and good instead of for the benefit of their country. The Italians will never again have freedom except when they unite for power, and rule Mussolini instead of he ruling them. They must be ready for democracy.

ORCHESTRA TRIUMPHS

On Thursday, May 2 our Symphony Orchestra went to Fredonia to compete in the Western New York Sectional Contest. The party left at eight A. M., and arrived at Fredonia about 11 o'clock. In the afternoon the contest was held. Jamestown and Fredonia and Lockport competed in class A. The competition was very close between Jamestown and Lockport but when the decision was made, we had won. This gave us the Western New York Orchestra Championship and the privilege of competing in the State Orchestra Contest at Syracuse on Satur-

THE FORM

day, May 11. But, as there was no competition in class A, our orchestra did not attend.

We certainly are proud of this musical organization and we sincerely hope that next year we may enter the State Contest.

ASSEMBLY, MAY 6

This morning, after the devotionals, Miss Snyder's third year English classes entertained the student body with a one-act play entitled "Meet the Family". The cast of characters was as follows:

Mr. James Henry Barton	James O'Grady
Mrs. James Henry Barton	Ruth Zuidema
Mae Barton	Catherine Long
Tom Barton	Frederick Sipson
Jack Summers	William Long
Phylis Moore	Anna Margaret Callahan
Bill Freeman	Donald Pasko
Marie	Loretta Johnson

The plot wove around family affairs. Mae, who was spending too much for clothes and Tom, who did nothing but loaf all day, were strictly commanded by their father to remain at home and entertain a millionaire friend of his. Both rebelled to no avail.

Mae impulsively declared herself married; incidentally a strange young man, Jack Summers, entered and she turned to him to confirm her words and Jack dazedly nodded. Jack was engaged to Phylis, a girl friend of Mae. Thus matters turned from bad to worse. The millionaire, instead of an old fogey, proved to be a handsome young man. Confessions were made and affairs came to a pleasant ending.

A challenge was made to the Sophomores by the Juniors to put on a play next year that would equal "Meet the Family".

ASSEMBLY, MAY 20

The Assembly opened, as usual, with the overture by the orchestra and the morning devotionals. This was followed by one of the talks given in the series on Banks and Banking. This morning it was delivered by Mr. Holley of the Lockport Savings and Loan Association. Mr. Evans then announced those to whom "L's" and sweaters were to be given. Roger Shaft and Melvin Coates received "L's" in recognition of their splendid work during the recent Basketball season. Sweaters and "L's" were presented to Herbert Knight, John Ritzen-thaler, Donald Evans and Robert Berray.

THE FORM

Mr. Gay gave us a short review of the happenings at the track meet held on Saturday, May 18th, which Lockport won by an overwhelming score, from its old opponent, Niagara Falls.

James O'Grady, assistant baseball manager, followed with an announcement concerning the game to be held later in the week.

Mr. Butterfield, musical director, announced the coming Operetta "Belle of Barcelona" and, incidentally, let us hear some of the "close ups" of the production. John Argue and Leslie McDermott sang one of the songs. Eleanor Dean and Arthur Lambert rendered another number entitled "Honeymoon." These brief bits of the Operetta certainly proved enjoyable to the students and the applause was generous.

The assembly was then due for a surprise and it was none other than Stuart Dussault and His Orchestra. This organization, made up of High School boys and some of the alumni gave a delightful program of the more or less musical creations of the day. They opened with selections from the opera "Faust." This was followed by the "Rhapsody in Blue" in which "Ed" Donson played the solo parts. This selection was played exactly from the score made for Paul Whiteman and his orchestra. Assembly closed with the fox-trot "When Summer is Gone."

—S. B.

THE POPCORN MAN

The popcorn man came down the street,
And from the curb, which was his seat,
A little urchin looked and sighed
And down his cheek a tear did slide.

Then, even tho he had no money,
The man gave him a bag, with, "Never mind, sonny."
Ah!—If only my troubles could now be wiped out
By the popcorn man, that good old scout.

For that urchin was I, and now I am grown
And wealth seems so futile when one's all alone.
The troubles of that far off day seem so small
They scarcely seem to be troubles at all.

—Mildred E. Crosby, '31.



BELLE OF BARCELONA

THE FORM

"BELLE OF BARCELONA"

On Friday evening, May 24th, a sparkling, vivacious musical comedy, "The Belle of Barcelona", by Ross Chaney, was presented by the Musical Clubs of L. H. S., under the direction of Mondel Ely Butterfield. The presentation was replete with hauntingly lovely Spanish melodies and catchy Spanish rhythms. The gay, colorful costumes of the entire chorus of 125 young singers from the Glee and Choral Clubs presented a captivating spectacle.

The scene of the play is laid in the Plaza del Rey in Barcelona, Spain and the time is that of the Festival of the Toreadors. The story centers about the love affair of Margarita, a lovely Spanish maiden, and Lieutenant Harold Wright, "Hal", a handsome young U. S. Customs Officer. These two leads admirably well taken by Dorothy Abbott and John Argue, respectively, who played their parts to perfection. Luis de Montero, a wealthy plantation owner Margarita's father was exceedingly well played by Lavern Colton, Grace Anson pleasingly characterized Gloria de Montero, Margarita's mother. Entangled through the wily schemes of Francisco de la Vega, Chief Spanish Customhouse Inspector and a nobleman, who preyed on her father's ambition to become Ambassador to the United States, Margarita's being forced much against her will into a marriage with de la Vega. The part of de la Vega was excellently portrayed by John Godfrey. Leslie McDermott as Pat Malone, companion of Hal, kept the audience in gales of laughter with his comic appearance and remarks. Pat's rich Irish brogue and excellent acting furnished one of the high spots of the presentation. Irene Shimer as Martha Matilda Ayers, an English governess of "a long line of untarnished ancestry", as she gravely assured the audience, provoked much laughter. However, in the end, right must triumph and Hal gathers evidence proving the dishonesty of de la Vega, thereby stopping the wedding ceremonies. Hal now proposes to Margarita and is accepted and Pat, telling Miss Ayers he "needs a new governess", is accepted by her.

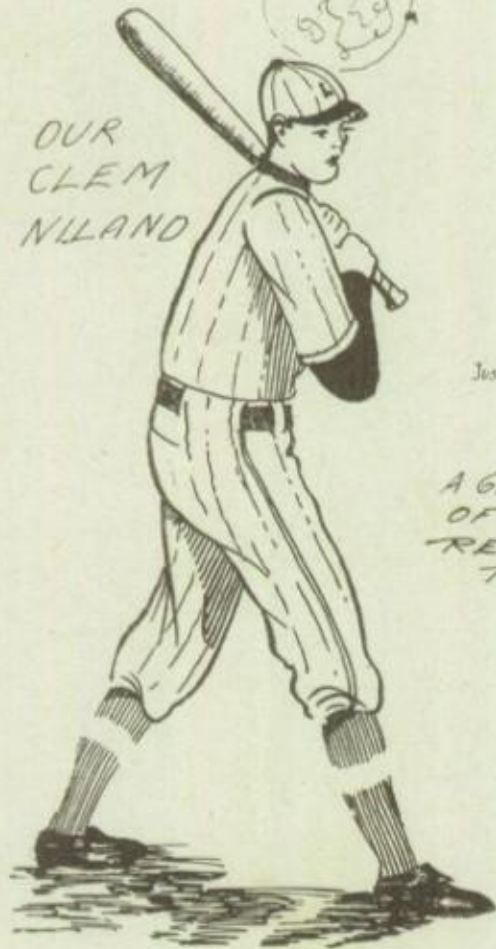
The part of Mercedes, Margarita's sister, was played by Eleanor Dean and that of Emilio, a toreador and suitor of Mercedes, by Arthur Lambert, George Stinson took the part of Pedro, the de Montero's plantation manager, and Carl Raymond, that of Captain Colton of the U. S. Navy. All these parts were very well played and the actors deserve much credit.

Altogether, the musical comedy was a gigantic success and it undoubtedly ranks as one of the foremost dramatic and musical presentations of the year. Much credit is due to Mondel Ely Butterfield, Director, Esther Lynd Day, Dramatics, Erhold Gunther, Stage Manager and Properties, Maybelle Smith, Costumes, Gertrude Wilcox, Dancing, Shirley Leighton, Scenery, Harold Suthers, Electrician, and Joseph Schurr, Construction Manager, for their untiring efforts to make the presentation the great success it was. And to all these members of the faculty and student body, the members of the Musical Clubs extend their heartiest thanks and appreciation.

ALL'S WELL



OUR
CLEM
NILAND

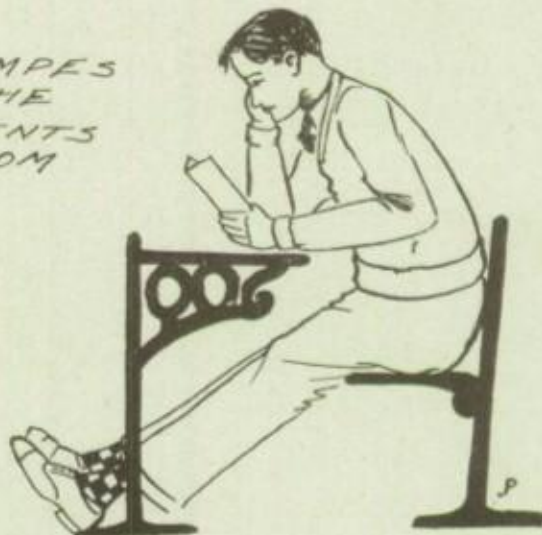


Just a Matter of Regrets



A SENIOR HAVING HIS
PICTURE TAKEN

A GLIMPSE
OF THE
REGENTS
ROOM



That Ends Well

OH GYM!

HEAVY, HEAVY
HANGS OVER
YOUR HEAD—

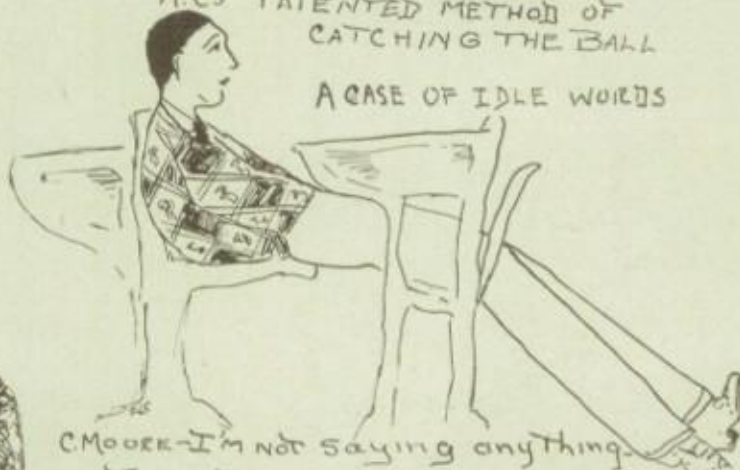


THAT GUILTIEST
FEELING



H.C.'S PATENTED METHOD OF
CATCHING THE BALL

A CASE OF IDLE WORDS



CMOORE—I'm not saying anything.
MISS FISHER—But you're talking continually!



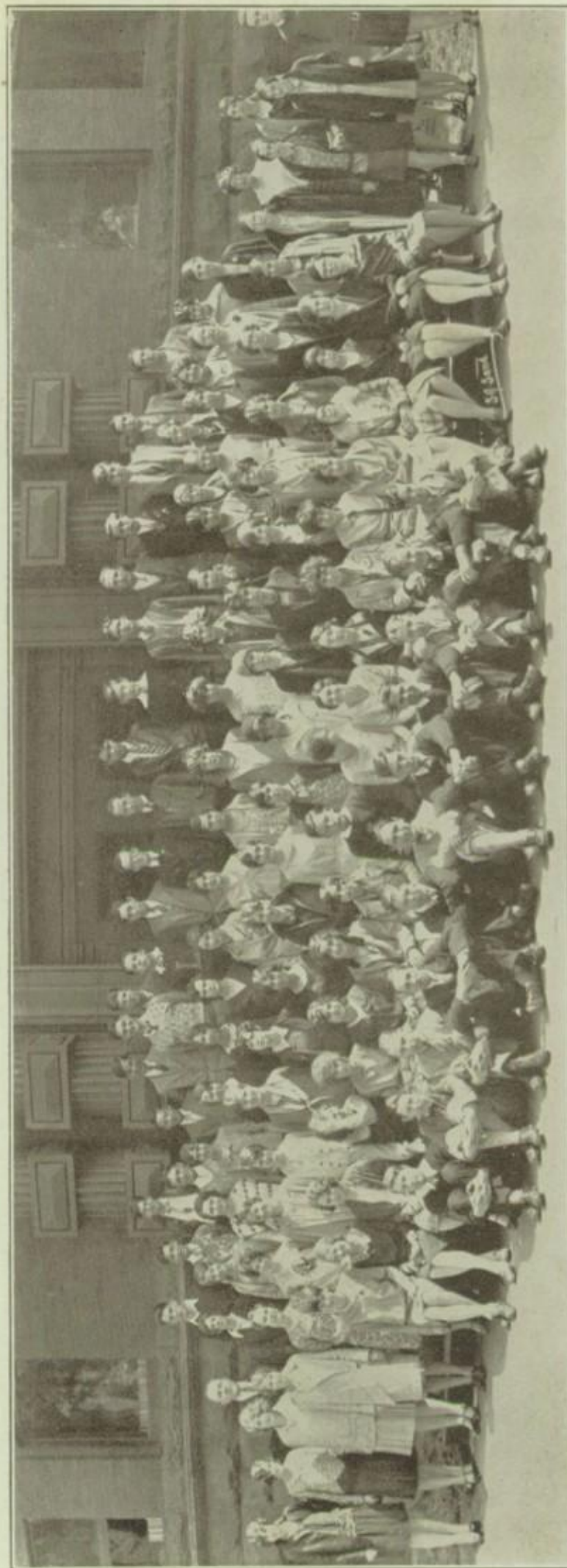
THE
BELLE
OF
BARCELONA



WHEN
COBB
GROWS
UP



SENIOR CLASS



JUNIOR CLASS

CLASS and CLUB

THE SENIOR CLASS

The Senior Class of '29 has been holding its regular meeting every two weeks. All the meetings have been important and a great deal of interesting business has been carried on. Besides the regular meetings, several special meetings have been held. At the meeting on March 15 it was suggested that the class hold a dance. Braden Fitz-Gerald was named as chairman of the dance committee. The dance was held in the gymnasium on the evening of April 5. About fifty couples enjoyed the good music and refreshments. It might be added that the dance was a financial success, also, as several dollars profit was realized instead of the usual debt. At the meeting on March 19 the class elected officers for the final term. The balloting was very close, and an unusual amount of excitement was shown. The following officers were finally decided upon:

President—Eugene Kilroy
Vice-pres.—Marion Campbell
Secretary—Wayne Folger
Treasurer—Lucy Mannino
Marshall—George Burdick

On May 10, Mrs. Spalding Evans told the class about her literary prize. This prize is a set of Shakespeare's works and is given to the Senior who submits the best literary work. A special meeting of the class was held May 13. At this meeting were chosen the class-day officers. The following is the list of officers chosen:

Valedictory—Mildred Dobbins
Salutation—Clara Foote
Mantle Oration—Richmond Moyer
Presentation—Ruth Hamilton, Frederick Williams
Class Will—Ronald McArthur
Class History—Elliot Dix
Class Prophecy—Mary Bryant
Class Poem—Lucy Mannino
Cheer Leader—Melvin Coates

Just now all the Seniors of '29 are looking forward to graduation with the class motto in mind—"A quitter never wins; a winner never quits."

Wayne Folger, Secy.



HI-Y

THE FORUM

HI-Y

In the last issue of the Forum, the members of the Hi-Y were in doubt as to whether our final meeting would be a dance or a dinner, so in order to please each and everyone we had a dinner-dance.

Fifty-eight members and guests attended this annual affair, which was held Tuesday evening, April second, at the Y. M. C. A.

A dinner "fit for a King" was served by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Y. M., followed by the election of officers for the coming year. Election results showed:

President—Herbert Knight
Vice-President—Frank Crosby
Secretary—Malcolm Young
Asst. Secretary—William Miller
Treasurer—James O'Grady

These officers will be installed at the first meeting in November.

Stuart Dussault and his orchestra furnished music throughout the evening. It was with regret that this happy crowd of young people heard the strains of "Home Sweet Home," which brought to a close one of the most enjoyable evenings ever spent by our Hi-Y members and their guests.

—Malcolm Young, Secretary

L. H. S. JUNIOR CLASS

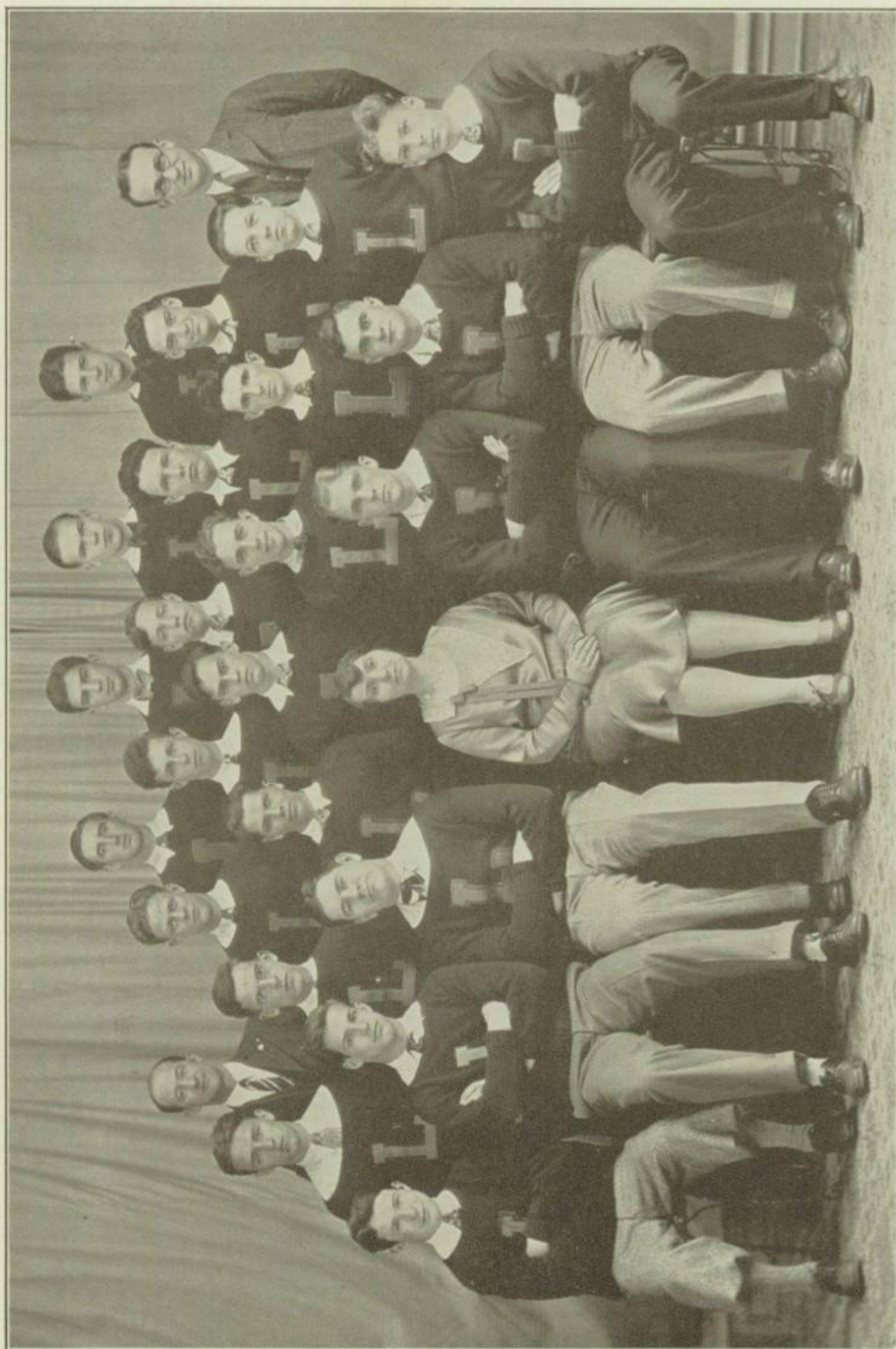
The Junior Class of L. H. S. assembled for the first time of the school year to elect its officers and arrange plans for a promising future. Little was done at the first meeting except to elect officers, which activity was peopled with great enthusiasm and excitement. The results of the closely contested election were:

President—Herbert Knight
Vice-Pres.—Angela Daley
Secretary—Francis Madden
Treasurer—Mary Louise Few.

Members elected to the athletic council were Robert Berray and Francis Ritzenhaler. A committee to have complete charge of the rings and pins was appointed by Mr. Knight: "Fritz" Madden, chairman, Ruth Zuidema and Mildred Dohring. At the second meeting two weeks later the rings were selected; the class should well be proud of its selection. At the last meeting Mr. Knight announced that he would appoint a committee to have charge of the Junior Class picnic.

The Junior Class of '29 is an enthusiastic and spirited group and it is expected that they will carry on the work of the Seniors to even a greater extent. Mr. Knight, a worthy member, will represent the Junior Class in the annual class day exercises.

—J. M.



"L" CLUB

THE FORUM

THE "L" CLUB

As this is the last issue of the "Forum," the writer wishes to express the most heartfelt thanks of the "L" Club to the entire "Forum" staff for excellent space given it throughout the year. The "Forum" is merely another of the organizations behind which the "L" Club is situated.

The last meeting held thus far was on May 17, for the purpose of arousing more spirit about the school to stand behind the baseball team. The Club feels as though the "nine" is not receiving proper support from the student body and intends to stimulate a more healthy spirit of backing. Various other matters were taken up and favored according to the best interests of the school in general.

In view of the fact that Coach Schenk is to leave us this year, the Club in general is unanimously wishing him the best success in his future endeavors. As coach of the teams, he has become automatically a member of our progressive organization. At this same time, we welcome Charles McCabe of Niagara Falls, our future coach, who, I am sure, will receive the most enthusiastic support and aid in his endeavor to help L. H. S. to regain its prestige in athletic affairs.

Four new members we have in our organization in view of their receiving the "L" award for basketball. They are Don Evans, John Ritzenthaler, "Bob" Berray and Manager Herbert Knight. They are warmly welcome and it is hoped that around the remaining members of the "L" Club of '29, a bigger and better combination will be formed next year, with the same ideals and principles.

—F. Madden.

THE L. H. S. ART CLUB

The members of the Art Club have enjoyed an interesting and profitable year through the many narrative topics on travel, kindly given by friends interested in the L. H. S. Art Club.

In March, Miss Luella Watkins gave a delightful talk on her trip abroad, relating various incidents which she met with in Holland, Germany, France, England, Scotland, and particularly Ireland. The Club presented her with tulips as a token of their appreciation.

In May, Miss Shaw gave an interesting account of her trip to Yellowstone National Park. Her descriptions of the geysers and other great beauties of nature, with the picturesque views, were of great interest to all. Miss Shaw was given a hearty rising vote of thanks.

The greatest work of the club this year has been the library file. It is now complete and will be in the library in a short time. This file contains reproductions of masterpieces of famous paintings, sculpture, and architecture, and at present includes about one hundred pictures. It is hoped that this file will be of use not only to students but to all individuals interested in art. The public are invited to contribute to the collection.

The Art Club is now looking forward to the annual picnic. This year it is to be held at Lake Como Park.



DRAMATIC—LITERARY CLUB

THE FORM

DRAMATIC-LITERARY CLUB

As we, the members of the Dramatic-Literary Club, look back over our activities of the past year, we have a feeling of success and well-being.

Our Club was organized last fall by Miss Lynd, our faculty advisor, for the purpose of furthering dramatics and literature and debating in Lockport High School. We feel that our purpose has been accomplished.

The club formed a debating team who made a good showing against Kenmore. We did not win this debate, because we lacked experience; but we, at least, laid the foundation for the future teams which will bring victory to their club and school. Besides this we have had a very successful play, "Fingerprints." This year the Club established a precedent which all future dramatic organizations will have to equal. This was the first play to be presented by the Dramatic-Literary. Every year hereafter this organization will present a three-act play which will be looked forward to by the student body and the citizens of Lockport. The Club has also furnished material for assembly programmes, the last of which will be "Sauce for the Gooselings." By our varied activities all the members of the club are in some project.

However, this Club is not entirely devoted to work. About the middle of June we plan to close this year fittingly with a picnic, which promises to be a great success.

—Geraldine Nash, Secretary

THE MUSICAL CLUBS

The Musical Clubs are about to complete a very successful season under the competent leadership of Mr. Butterfield, Mr. Barone, Mr. Smith, and the clubs' officers.

The outstanding event of the first semester was the Alumni Concert in December, in which all of the clubs, as well as several alumni soloists, were featured.

During the second semester, there have been several important events. These included the Mid-Winter Concert of the Band and Glee Club on March 16, as well as Spring Concert of the Symphony Orchestra and Choral Club, with Miss Elizabeth Williams as harp soloist, on April 26. On both of these occasions small groups of brass and string instrumentalists were featured.

The outstanding achievement of the year was the winning of First Prize, Class A, by the Symphony Orchestra at Fredonia, in the Western New York Sectional Contest on Thursday, May 2. Unfortunately, because of lack of competition, the orchestra did not go to Syracuse to compete in the finals.

The climax of this year's work took place on Friday, May 24, when the Glee and Choral Clubs, together with soloists will present "The Belle of Barcelona", a musical comedy in three acts, by Charles Ross Chaney, which will be co-directed by Mrs. Day and Mr. Butterfield.

It is expected that this event will prove a fitting climax to one of the greatest years in the musical history of Lockport High School.

—Lavern B. Colton



GIRL RESERVES

THE FORUM

GIRL RESERVES

The Girl Reserves have perfected their organization and have a well systematized club this year.

Managed by competent girls, it has reached its goal, to promote a friendly feeling among the Sophomore, Junior and Senior Classes.

This year the Girl Reserves gave the Hi-Y boys a supper in the new Y. W. C. A. After the supper there was a dance, which was enjoyed by all those present.

The Seniors who are leaving the Club this year wish the Sophmores, Juniors and Seniors of next year much success in the management of the Club that they have left so well organized.

—Viola M. Covell, Secy.

FORUM STAFF

The Forum Staff has held its meetings every Tuesday since the last issue. We have had all work and no play, but we are all anticipating a wonderful party in June. Mr. Folger, Mr. Dix and Miss Adams are going to select a place for our picnic and I'm sure the staff of '29 being together for the last time at this place will have an event to be remembered in days to come.

To the Seniors we wish the utmost amount of success and happiness, and we hope that next year you will try to stay in touch with the school and there's no better way than to buy a "Forum". Help next year's staff.

—Dorothy E. Nicholls, Secy.

THE LOVE CALL

High, high up in the old pine tree
Among the green needles, a red breast I see.
And a little red head going faster and faster
Pounding out notes from his drum like a master.

Rat-a-tat-tat, how the notes ring out clear,
Over the countryside far and near.
Away in the distance makes answer a bird
"Charr," "charr," his love call is heard.

A short space of silence, the sound grows more plain
Showing the labors have not been in vain
Together they whistle and sing on their perch,
Like a bridegroom and bride on leaving the church.

—Abel C. Wilcox.

THE FORM

HONOR ROLL

LaVerne Colton	97%	Anna Marie Lubs	92%
Jean Howell	96%	Lucy Mannino	92%
Stella Karlak	96%	Geraldine Nash	92%
Martha Kelley	96%	Dorothy E. Nicholls	92%
Dorothy Abbott	95%	Mary Plant	92%
Hazel Downey	95%	Arthur Rich	92%
Lewis LeValley	95%	Dorothy Robson	92%
Catherine Mellott	95%	Dorothy Schweigert	92%
Clara Foote	94%	Jean Starling	92%
Mary Police	94%	Adelia Taylor	92%
Gordon Stearns	94%	Mary Bryant	91%
Eleanor Stockwell	94%	Isadore Drier	91%
Shirley Walker	94%	Lenore Gooding	91%
Carson Brooks	93%	Loie Goodnick	91%
Hugh Clifford	93%	Oscar Gray	91%
Donald Conlin	93%	Helen Gurski	91%
Mildred Dobbins	93%	Eugene Kilroy	91%
Wayne Folger	93%	Oscar McIntyre	91%
Shanette Goggin	93%	Irving Rice	91%
Robert Goodlander	93%	Marie Robinson	91%
Winifred LaBar	93%	Frederick Williams	91%
Kathryn E. Lennon	93%	Katherine King	91%
Richmond Moyer	93%	Stanford Brumley	90%
Samuel Muktarian	93%	Irene Daley	90%
Howard Olds	93%	Rachel Flagler	90%
Donald Pasko	93%	Fred Holder	90%
Elton Ransom	93%	China Jaynes	90%
Ida Regling	93%	Virginia Parr	90%
Loraine Sinclair	93%	Katherine Pfau	90%
Jane Zook	93%	Florence Redhead	90%
Martin E. Baudendistel	92%	Frances Reese	90%
Kenneth Bogardus	92%	Doris Richardson	90%
Harry Dean	92%	Dorothy Sherrick	90%
Jack Deeringer	92%	Helen C. Smith	90%
Ruth Fritton	92%	Frances Slate	90%
Ruth Hoole	92%	Faith Walker	90%

STUDY HALLS

PIERCE'S PERFECT PRECIOUS PROTEGÉS

All great men, women, and organizations of the past wrote a farewell address when they left the world or retired to seclusion. Caesar attempted to make a few gurgles before his last convulsion. Washington was less impromptu and prepared a fitting farewell speech that is the nemesis of all history students. And so this custom has gone hand in hand with history down to us.

Just as usages established in the government have become common laws of that body, so has this time-worn habit become a common law of society. In an effort to obey this unwritten law we will, in the following paragraphs, present our accomplishments and endeavor to write a tearful parting that will make the noble George squirm in his grave. We will also essay to give a few hints to enable the Seniors of the coming generation to keep within the limits of this concrete custom.

With the annual beginning of this institute in the autumn of 1928, an assemblage migrated into Miss Pierce's chamber in a manner which transcended all former records in dilatoriness. However, it was ascribable to this migration that George Washington became the beneficiary of an annual bath. The shelves were cleaned, and the cups were promised a rub down in the near future. We won the interclass basketball championship under the captainship of Melvin Coates. During the last half of this year our deeds were more promiscuous. "Loves Triumph" was successfully staged by George Stinson and George Day. Alonzo Hanagan wrote or should we say composed that beautiful melody, "Don't Be Blue". Gene Kilroy and Fred Williams supported Elliot Dix in the Senior play. Kenneth Bogardus also showed his virility in this play. Richmond Moyer won the oratorical contest staged in this school a short time ago. And now our last manifestation of room spirit is being displaced in our baseball team. God bless them!

You see we have been anything but inactive since last September. We have worked wholeheartedly and played the same way. Now, going out into the world, we take with us many dear memories of Lockport High School, but the dearest of them all will be the memory of our good times together in this study room. Miss Pierce will ever be enthroned in these dear memories. With her help, we, as a study room, have set up a standard which can not be equaled for stick-to-it-iveness. You Juniors who will occupy this room next year have certain trusts to live up to. That is, George's bath and the tardy record and our other accomplishments. Having decided to precis our farewell address it is as follows: We would love to come back, but we pray to the Almighty that we will not have to.

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MISS HAUSNER'S ROOM

Of course you know we'll all be Seniors (?) next year so we feel it our duty to make one more appearance as Junior's. Among our number are many nationalities:

Mabel Le Fever—French.

Irene Thomas—English.

M. O'Connor—Dutch. At least we take it for granted.

I. Gaude would never throw a bunch of spinach. "Too much iron in it," she says.

M. Robison should go on the stage. We know she'd succeed after making such a fine showing in "Fingerprints."

L. Whalen thinks applesauce is stewed happiness. I wonder?

F. Wiser said to G. Simmonds sarcastically, "Just because you take a bath in private don't think the public can't tell you've had one." Biting remark, eh?

D. Fitzgerald's rule is: Eat green vegetables for 85 years and you certainly won't die young.

L. Goodnick—our honor roll.

We must tell you that L. Reinke has a permanent and E. Saxton is engaged and B. Churchin is convalescing after an operation for appendicitis.

A. Oldham believes that he who laughs last laughs best, but the other day she discovered how foolish she was for waiting so long.

N. Blake, our Latin shark, is always asking who has their Caesar sentences; we wonder why?

A. Benziger recently broke a record. (Not a Victor—one for tardiness.)

P. Soule doesn't think the bells ring on time. We wonder!

M. Klien believes laughing is much better exercise than kicking. We all agree; ask Miss Hausner.

M. Roberts says when you are hungry eat a glass of water. She needn't think we're all dieting 'cause she is.

Here's something to think of, girls, while you are at the beach during vacation. What would you do if you had to walk home from a boat ride? One of our able bodied students has us all worried now. —M. H. Armer and N. H. Montroy

SOIDISANT SOLECISM'S SELECTED SOPHISTICALLY FROM RESIDENCE OF RANSOM'S RUSTIC RENEGADES

Author by authority

F. "Leo" Madden

It is with heavy hearts that we, the inmates of Asylum 25 in Ransom's ward, look forward to a complete dismemberment of our ranks, but we are consoling ourselves that there are very few of us who will not be present when Miss Ransom again enforces her "Pay or Stay" rule. Some are looking forward with eager

T H E F O R U M

eyes to the year when they, too, will depart from their beloved alma mater "sans" working papers. It is hinted that a certain few are planning to "flunk" their regents so that they will next year begin in the care of "Her Highness" Miss Ransom.

Buchanan, Stark, and Niland are still keeping their hair down with baseball caps while Alport, Jerome and Knowles are jumping, skipping or throwing the javelin for track honors. "Roger" Middaugh, the honest-to-goodness heart breaking horror, is still endeavoring to give all the girls an equal chance toward securing some great rural loving. Roy Hausauer is still holding down corner No. 1 on the northeast wing. (It is rumored that he entertains friends there.)

We have had a splendid time in our home room this year, in fact there has been several fights to determine the Prince of Goodfellows. The author has his own opinion. (He believes in "Charity begins at home.") To all who are to get a new suit for graduation exercises, we extend our heartiest congratulations; to those who won't need a new suit, our sympathies are offered. At any rate we hope that, when school starts again next September:—

"Leo" gets a shave.

"Johnny" gets a real "flame".

"Buck" gets a pension.

"Bud" gets some w-w-warm dates.

R. Elliot gets some sense.

"Freddie" (?) gets a girl.

"Bab-babby" gets the air.

"Mary E." gets married and

I secure recognition.

MIDSHIPMATES OF THE McNAMARA

Delightfully located on the top floor of the Lockport High School, is our comfortable classroom, which we have just christened "The Good Ship McNamara".

All those sailing on "The McNamara" declare that the voyage of 28-29 has been the smoothest, happiest, and, we hope, the most successful that we have undertaken.

Those who have diligently obeyed commands and fulfilled orders have received praise from our Captain and applause from our sailorgirls and have been classified under the Honor Roll, which at the present time claims eight of us.

Some time ago, due to some unruly and mischievous sailor the strange appearance of a quantity of salt was noticed on deck but by a warning from our Captain, the salt disappeared as mysteriously as it had come.

Shortly after the last report was turned over to the "Forum", Commander Robinson being in an extra frisky mood, acquired a strange fascination for a blackboard eraser, the powdery contents of which she patted freely on anything or anyone in her path. You may be sure this affair caused much confusion and amusement.

THE FORM

Pilot Walker has just handed me a report of the weather forecast which shows rough waves ahead. We suspect Regents.

Among our various commands is the one that entreats each one to put in her appearance at or before 8:40 A. M. We all attempt, but because many fail, we are listed FIRST on the Tardy Report.

And now as we set out to cross the predicted rough waves, for a glorious vacation at anchor, we bid you all a fond "Bon Voyage".

THE LAST WORD FROM MR. GUNTHER'S ROOM

We've arrived once more. But have patience. It's the last time this year. As was predicted in our first report, the year has turned out to be one of the most enjoyable and successfull which we have spent in L. H. S. One of the main reasons for this has been the efforts of our leader, Mr. Gunther, whose ready humor and fairness have made him the friend of every member of our room. We are sorry to learn that he is leaving L. H. S. to take up a new position next year. We sincerely wish him success.

Our final line-up reveals that our room has had a large representation in extra curricular activities. We have members in the Band, Orchestra, Glee Club, L Club, and Hi-Y. Severel have gained positions on the Forum Staff, and, of course, we have had players on all the athletic teams. Don Richardson holds the office of President of the Art Club. Another well known member of our room, Herb Knight, has received the honor of being elected President of the Junior Class. A team has been organized to uphold our name in interclass baseball, and we expect great things from it.

There have been no great disturbances, humorous or otherwise, within our domain lately of which we might write. Possibly it is because we are all studying so hard. On the Honor Roll we find: Gordon Stearns 95, Howard Olds 93, and Donald Pasko 93. There are very few of us who remain till four o'clock.

No, this is not a Chicago high school. The formidable looking weapon which one may see hiding its bulk behind our door at the end of the hall is not a machine gun. It may relieve you to know that it is nothing more than a harmless slide projector for use in the auditorium.

It seems that we have a budding mathematician among us. We are informed the following was recently heard:

Mr. Buckminster—"Should one say: six and seven are eleven, or, six and seven is eleven?"

"Red" Kershaw—"Why, six and seven are eleven."

To be serious—We, the present Juniors of L. H. S., the future Seniors of L. H. S., do now state that we are better prepared to take up the work laid down by the present honorable Seniors, and do also declare that we will do our best to carry on the work successfully, as well if not better than the present Seniors. Furthermore, we do charge the Juniors of next year to take good care of our beloved room and the good reputation we are leaving behind. —Donald Pasko

THE FORM

A NOON-DAY CATCH FROM FISHER'S EDDY

Two sophomores gather for a catty noon-hour over their teacups:

Sopymore: How are you?

More sofy: H'ar s'yoursel?

Sm: Say, what do you think about those new bicycle racks outside here?

Ms: Pretty nice, aren't they?

Sm: Yeah! Not so good for the Freshmen, though. I saw one having an awful time getting his tricycle in.

Ms: But talk about hard work. Did you ever notice how hard Mr. Travis labors teaching Ruthea Abharian?

Sm: Don't know as I did. Why? She isn't so dumb.

Ms: She'd be alright if she'd only pay attention. But, you know the other day he asked her a question, an' she didn't even hear him. She was just starin' at the blackboard and dreamin'. That was funny, 'cause there wasn't a thing on that board. Mr. Travis thought it was, too, and told her if she had to dream, to take it out on polygous.

Sm: Jean Howell must be dreamin', too, or somethin'. Didja know she'd changed her course?

Ms. No. What's the matter?

Sm: Well, she's gonna graduate in '32 with the Freshmen and Fran White and Martha Beattie and all the rest o' them. I asked her what the idea was, and she was kinda' snippy. She said, "Well, anyway, I won't have to graduate with the Sophomore Class," just like that.

Ms: By the way, talking of Fran White.

Sm: Yeh? she's an awfully nice girl.

Ms: I like her, too. But listen! I heard she chews five sticks of gum all at once!

Sm: Well—no wonder she couldn't recite in English class the other day.

Ms: "Peg" Brittin looks just like an aviator in her rain outfit, doesn't she?

Sm: It's quite cute. Have you noticed all the masculine attention she draws when she wears it?

Ms: Yeah!

Sm: Oh! there goes the bell—Say! When Miss Fisher is waiting to dismiss us, I wish the kids in the back of the room would keep still—We'd like to get home.

Ms: Yup. They are just the type.

Sm: Never mind. There are only four more weeks of school. "Ain't it a grand and glorious feelin'?"

Ms: Sure is: but ya know, it's goin' to be funny next year—being a junior n' everythin'. You have to act so grown up.

Sm: We'll rise to the occasion. You wait!

—Annabeth M. Williams, Martha E. Kelley

THE FORUM

MISS KENNEY'S HOME ROOM

Well, I guess this is the last time you'll hear of us this year, thru the Forum at least. We don't know whether to rejoice or to find a corner and have what the women call "a good cry."

I imagine this has been a rather successful year for most people, that is judging by ourselves. Of course we haven't any bright and shining lights nor any mental or intellectual giants in here, but we do present a pretty fair average of the school.

This is only for those who have come out on the right end. Of course you read our advice in the first issue of the Forum admonishing you to study and all that sort of thing, followed it, and now look where you are.

The way things look now we're not going to see a lot of our friends any where near so much. They graduate and go out into the cruel, cruel world. One just gets used to high school and loafing, and then you have to graduate. S'terrible. We don't think we'll ever graduate.

All kidding aside, this graduation in one manner, isn't quite so pleasant as it seems. A person has lots of friends in school, both teachers and pupils, and then he graduates goes to college and has to begin all over again. Of course, he can write to them but is that anything at all like having a nice date? Well, I guess not!!

The end of the school year must be pretty tough on some of these teachers. Just imagine their regrets at having to leave their wonderful pupils and classes and instead of sitting up burning the midnight oil checking papers of future presidents of the U. S. to have to set before a fireplace and hold hands with the hubby.

Well, I guess all in this room will join in in thanking Miss Kenney for the way she has treated us, and in wishing the graduating class and the teachers who are leaving us all the success and best wishes in the world!

—Carl Raymond

THE SHAWMEN

With the coming of spring, some of the members of our thriving metropolis have begun to feel poetic inspirations, for instance,

Feet by Red Landry

I think that I shall never see
Such feet as those that belong to thee.
Those feet, whose flattened soles are pressed
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast.
Those feet that travel around all day,
And step on smaller ones, (in play)
Those feet that may in summer wear,
Instead of shoes, rowboats, one pair.
Poems are made by guys like me,
About such feet as belong to thee.

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Harold Matheis climbed up on the roof, fell in the chimney, and now he's down with the flew.

Our new uniform consists of a sport sweater and a double barreled skirt. In case you have not yet seen them, drop in and admire (?) Oscar McIntyre, Leroy (Ha Ha) Stevenson, and Leon Stout.

Our room is represented on the varsity baseball team by Anderson, Dussault, and Berray.

We intend to keep the cup that was won by the boys of Miss Shaw's room last year.

We are represented on the Honor Roll by Oscar McIntyre with an average of 91%.

This closes our program for the school year; Station L A B signing off till September, Cherrio Folks.

MISS SNYDER'S HOME ROOM

Although we know that it isn't good taste to tell all our troubles, yet we don't find anything else to put in this issue. We will relate a few sad incidents which have occurred lately to upset our happiness. First our dear friend and famous athlete Llynn Blake, has left us to find more profitable occupation elsewhere. Then it seems there has been quite a squabble in the Ritzenthaler clan; "Gene" has come out victorious and "Bunny" has come out in pieces. "Bill" Spalding finally seems to have grown up. One day he found that his shirt collars had suddenly and mysteriously become too small. He also suffered from an attack of the mumps just long enough to forget what school seemed like. After seeing many news reels of speed demons in Florida, Francis Fermoile took to the ditch in one of his wild bursts of speed. He's luckier than others. He's getting a new silver car from the "Chev" people, gratis.

WHEADRICK'S LAST MINUTE REPORTS

Well, kind friends, this is the last time you will have to listen to us this year. We wish to thank you sincerely for reading these "things" and promise that they will be better next year. (At least they can't be much worse.)

But then, there are things even worse than these terrible Forum reports, for instance, the Regents which will be upon us in so short a time. "Upon" is a good word there, and we shudder to think of the many who will be crushed under the load. In some respects we wish that they were many months away, and in others we wish that they were tomorrow. We haven't learned a thing so far this year, and the sooner they are over the better. So, I think that we shall compromise and leave them where they are.

We know that you are bored by such thoughts so we shall change the subject to something more interesting. We are presenting the prize for the "dumbest" mistake of the year to "Les" Gunby. He had the misfortune of saying, within the

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hearing distance of Miss Becher that "utor" takes the dative case. He was immediately ordered to write out the rule for the deponent verbs that take the ablative case, one hundred times. The next day he came to class with the rule written one hundred times, "Utor" takes the dative case." You can imagine what happened.

The prize for gymnastics is being awarded to "Bill Miller. One day, not long ago, we were all carefully minding our own business, as we always do (?), when someone came in the door. Of course, everyone turned around to see who it was, but seeing it was only "Bill" went back to work. Then, suddenly we heard a crash and a bang and all jumped up in time to see "Bill" stretched out on the floor. It is thought that this accident was caused by climbing the stairs and drinking too much school water.

We are well represented in all the musical club organizations of the school (Choral Club excepted) but are not so successful in respect to the honor roll, having only three members represented. But, we make up in athletics our deficiencies in studies. Our esteemed athlete, Frank Crosby, is, as ever, out gathering honors in swimming meets, having represented this district in a meet at Ann Arbor. We have an excellent baseball team in the process of growth and expect to show some other home rooms in this school how to play baseball.

Well, we will have to say goodbye to everyone in the school for this year and especially to our beloved commander-in-chief, Miss Wheadrick, who has taken such good care of us. We express our desire that her portion of this year's freshmen will be no worse next year than we are this year. But then, there will probably be some of us who will still be here to greet them when they come. Wishing you all the best of luck in the coming Regents, we will grant you your wish. We will sign off.
—Bob Goodlander

Weather	CAMPBELL BULLETIN	Price
Storms till after June		Good marks in all subjects

Facts Worth Knowing

This is the last time this year that we may enter these golden pages of the "Forum."

We must congratulate Adelia Taylor for representing our room on the honor roll each period this year.

Our number of those who go to four o'clock study hall has been reduced to three.

Personals Noticed

M. Capell and R. Frasier wearing red slippers.

G. MacDonald and W. Degnan arriving one minute after the bell.

L. Schad reading a "True Story Magazine" in study hall.

O. Underhill reporting daily to Mrs. Russell.

E. Blackmore having a permanent.

E. Alix improving her writing.

P. Helwig entertaining Mrs. Mumps for two weeks.

—Una E. Hall

THE FORUM

HOPKINSVILLE

For the last time this year we will tell you or try to tell you something about our village.

We have an honor roll of five and are very proud to say that there are no citizens in study hall this time.

Now we will proceed to tell you a few personal things about ourselves.

Can You Imagine?

Miss Hopkins going 20 miles an hour.

Mary Furbish and Helen Frances Petty appearing dignified.

The Forum reporter forgetting to report to gym.

Dorothy Schweigert arriving on time.

Dotha Hulshoff arriving late.

Dorothy Otway without her smile.

Ambition

To swing her arms like Tom Skeyhill (Miss Hopkins)

To be dignified (Helen Frances Petty and Mary Furbish)

Not to blush when laughed at (myself)

To keep out of study hall ("Bee" Soule)

To be musical (Dorothy Otway)

To beat the school in all things (our room)

It was overheard the other day that Miss Hopkins was thinking of installing a sand box in our village for the small children.

We wish to say that there is probably no home room better than ours and surely not one that has such a splendid leader as we have had in Miss Hopkins. We are very sorry to leave her and even though it might be selfish we wish that we could claim her again next year.

Before you become too bored, we will close wishing everyone the best of success in the coming examinations and a happy summer vacation. To the much envied seniors we extend our congratulations.

—Jean E. Starling

THE MULLER BUZZ

Toot, toot, here we are again. We are coming back this time, for the last time, to bother you with our noisome nonsense. One would think that the teachers would feel more or less blue over losing some of the old "Studes" but they say that variety is the spice of life. I suppose six years is enough for pouncing on one fellow. We cite one case of recent years where Caesar was tried—Oh, well—ever so many times (we won't quote the figures because they might give the freshmen a headache and ruin some high ambitions.) But anyway, freshmen, don't be saddened. You may have luck. We notice that Mr. Muller is looking blue lately, so we suppose he is already worrying about next year's freshmen, but cheer up Mr. Muller they may not be half as bad as we were.

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Wanted

By "Doc" Gay—Another "Mel" Coates.

By Miss Hopkins—A sixth period study hall of freshmen.

By Mr. Travis—Contact.

Personals

We have heard that James Caton intends to go on the stage—Good luck Jimmy.

In closing we wish to congratulate the "grads." We are sure the alumni will welcome you into their honored ranks and help you on in the cold, hard world. We welcome the freshmen into the ranks of upper classmen and hope that they may keep to the path and not detour or fall by the way.

—"Who knows?"

THE FROSH NEWS

After enduring a year of hardships, we hope to leave our seats to the succeeding class. The blue cards are still flowing fast even though it is near the last of the year.

Our Curios

A Young Forest—Woods.

The War President—Wilson.

The Wool Cutter—Shearer.

Our Battle Ship—Cruiser (Cruser)

The Naval Hero—Jones.

Secretary of State—Stimson (Stinson)

Our Orator—Webster.

The Great Southern General—Lee.

Secretary of Labor—Davis.

Our Postage—Stamp.

The Cough Drop Makers—Smith Bros.

The Outstanding Color—Green (e)

The Capital of Illinois—Springfield.

A Mixed Diet—Heash.

Mexican War General—Taylor.

Our Favorite Grain—Oates.

NEWSETTES OR SINGLE TONETTES FROM STATION S-I-N-G

Our first number this evening will be a list of questions called "Why" by Ruth Crosby, the champion question asker.

1. Why does Antoinette Sacca have so many names?
2. Why does Helen Glenn always leave her compact in the cloak room?
3. Why is Betty Wright just arriving all tired out when the bell rings?
4. Why is Mary Colby always bothering us with tickets?

THE FORM

5. Why is it that we don't buy more tickets? (We have been improving on this lately because someone came down to our room.)
 6. Why is Eleanor Stockwell always on the Honor Roll?
- Our second number this evening will be a poem.

Some Students I Know

This student was very bad
And that was why he never had
As much as some who are polite
And say, "The teacher is right."

And this one always had a date,
At night he stayed out very late
He dozed and moped throughout the day
And didn't work through half the way.

Then, here is one who dressed like sin
Untidy, success won't take him in
A good 'old scout but far too messy.
Teachers like them a bit more dressy.

Now here bah Jove! a dude I mean
He goes too far to the other extreme
He means well, yes—but just the same,
He's too elite to play the game.

Here at last, is a regular fellow,
Full of work, never yellow,
Cheerful, neat with lots of fight,
Working hard from morn till night.

The next number by "Anna Margaret" is "We're Wondering".

1. We're wondering why Ruth Clark insists upon sitting on the desk. (She is constantly being reprimanded.)
2. We're wondering why Eleanor Stockwell has a monopoly on the Algebra assignment and her paper constantly in demand by the other girls.
3. We're wondering why R. Crosby never has her Latin.

Station S-I-N-G will now sign off. The next performance will be next autumn on sophomore time. —Angeline Di Franze

THE FORM

EXTRA!—EXTRA!!—EXTRA!!!

B. B's BUZZERS

Editor—Neva Wilson

The Weather

Barron Dominion—very hot with few showers; sudden increase in temperature.

Queen B. Threatens to Resign!

Local Girl an Honor Pupil

Ruth Fritton, although very quiet, is well known. She represents us on the Honor Roll with 92%.

Four O'Clock Matinee

Some of our girls climb to second floor daily to attend the four o'clock matinee, free of charge. Aren't they lucky?

Queen B's Jesters

Miss Barron, as you all know, is our queen. We all adore and very conscientiously obey (?) her. "Syl" Earl and F. Ellis are special jesters, their main ambition in life being to keep our queen in good humor. We all assist them in this very difficult task. Can you give us any suggestions?

Sick List

Ellen Schuster is now at home after a stay in the local hospital, where she underwent an operation for appendicitis.

Noted Musician Journeys to Fredonia

"Dot" Clugston and her faithful companion, "Viola", made the long journey to Fredonia recently. Upon arriving they captured, by their unusual ability and talent, first prize.

Could You Ever Imagine?

Margaret not smiling.

"Gerry" Nolan without her gum.

Bernice noisy.

Josephine bringing her excuse on time.

Frances Ellis an angel.

Our Sylvia can tell you what an angel is. She explained to her English Class, "An angel is a spirit; but when Leona and I went through the cemetery yesterday, we saw no spirits, but we saw some chipmunks."

The last of '29's freshladies, wishing all of the seniors good luck.

ATHLETICS

RELAY TEAM MATCHES STRIDES WITH COUNTRY'S BEST

This year's relay team was strengthened by three of the members of last year's Pennsylvania Relay Team. These men were: "Mel" Coates, "Rev" Oldham and "Norm" Jerome. As a result of the elimination time trials to pick a fourth man, Joseph Mitchell was placed on the team. Although this team began work early in March in the Y. M. C. A. gym, the muddy condition of the track prevented much outdoor practice.

The team left for Philadelphia at 7 A. M., Wednesday morning, April 24, arriving at the scene of the relays the following day at noon. They were housed and entertained by three fraternities of the University of Pennsylvania.

This annual meet is the largest inter-scholastic track meet of its kind in the United States. Last year it was a semi-final tryout for the United States Olympic team. This year over 3,500 athletes participated representing every section of the United States and its possessions.

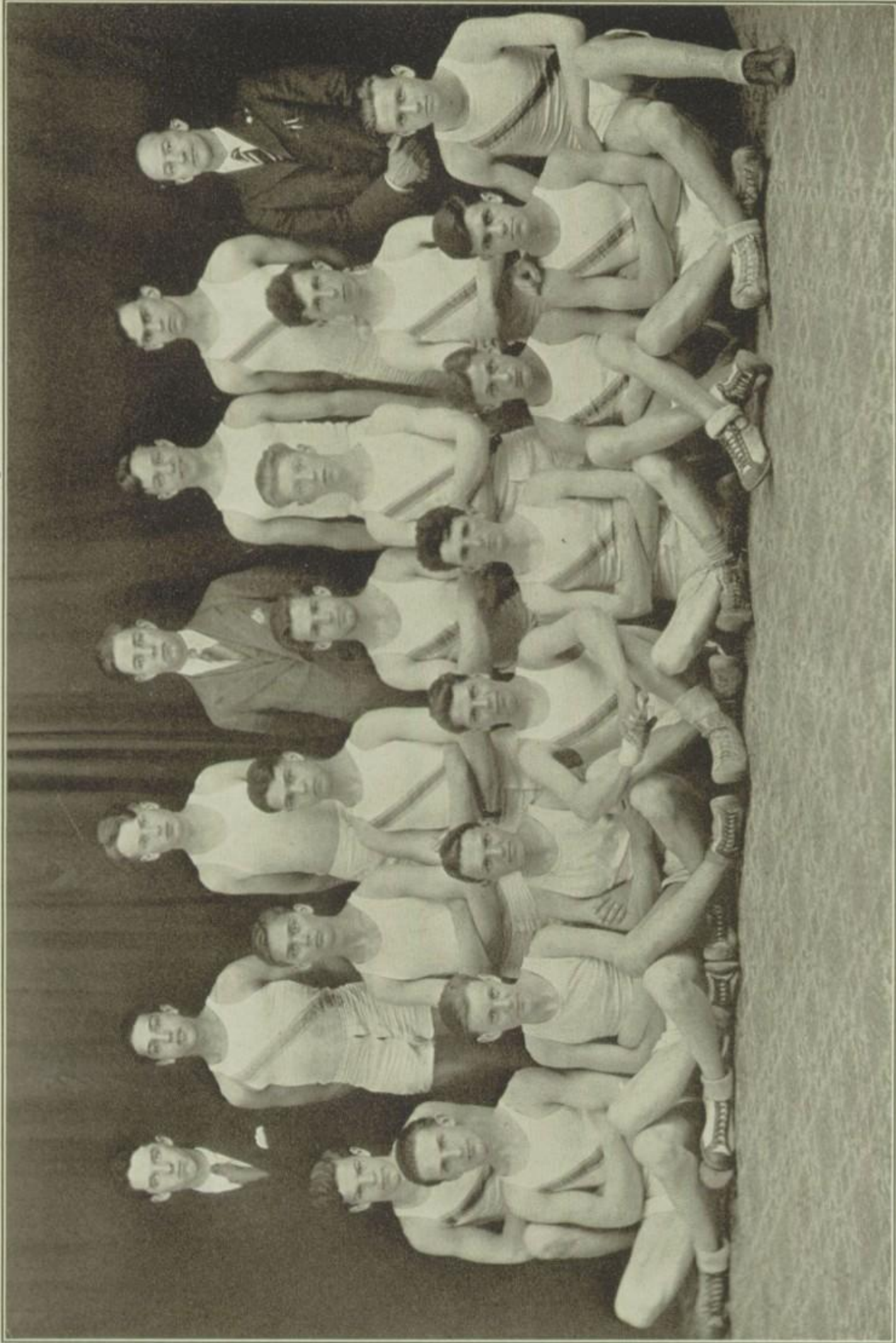
The Lockport team was entered in two events, the first of which, the inter-scholastic $\frac{1}{4}$ mile relay championship of America, was run off at three o'clock Friday afternoon. In this event the Gold and Blue quartet finished seventh, first prize going to Mercersburg Academy, second place winners last year. In this race Mitchell started first for Lockport passing the baton to Jerome, to Oldham, to Coates.

The team spent the remainder of this afternoon watching other high school, prep school and college relays and from this gained much valuable information.

Saturday, the concluding day of the relays, the team participated in the one mile high school relay championship of America, each man running a quarter mile. In this event our team ran against New Utrecht High School, champions of the United States, a team from Hawaii and eight other high schools. The order of running in this race was changed, Coates starting, Oldham second, Jerome third and Mitchell anchor. The race was closely contested throughout and the Gold and Blue team came in with the "fourth" place honors.

The team left Philadelphia, Sunday morning and arrived in Buffalo at 2 A. M., Monday morning.

—Revitt Oldham



TRACK TEAM

THE FORM

THE FALLS FELL!

After many athletic contests with Niagara Falls in the past few years, in which they have usually come out on the long end of the score, the Gold and Blue track team, on Saturday, May 18, at Harrison Field, gave the Cataract City track pounders an overwhelming defeat by a score of 68 to 27. The Gold and Blue team, coached by our famous director "Doc" Gay, were in perfect condition and completely outclassed the highly tooted Red and Gray track team.

Lockport, under the lead of Melvin Coates, captain, displayed a marvelous endurance and speed and had no trouble in taking nine out of ten first places, five out of ten second places, and three out of ten third places. Coates, himself, won the 100 yard dash, the 200 yard dash and the broad jump and assisted by the veterans Jerome and Oldham, showed a style of running similar to that of the ever famous track teams Lockport had in years gone by. However, the great surprises of the meet were the victories of Mitchell, Knowles, Alix, Grimble and Allport, practically all of them being new men in the Gold and Blue line-up. "Bunny" Ritzenthaler displayed a great deal of speed in winning the low hurdles in the fast time of 24.02. The only event in which Lockport was weak was the pole vault and this is easily explained by the fact that Niagara Falls had Joe Moran, a state man, who is capable of doing over 11 feet and also his brother who took fifth place in this event at the state meet last year.

Coach Gay is looking forward to the sectional championship and is confident that Lockport is the strongest bidder for this honor.

The summary of the meet is as follows: 100 yard dash—First Coates, Lockport; second Walters, Niagara Falls; third Oldham, Lockport. Time: 10:4-5.

200 yard dash—First Coates, Lockport; second Moran; third Walters, both of Niagara Falls. Time: 22 1-5.

440 yard dash—First Jerome, Lockport; second Grimble, Lockport; third Spilleane, Niagara Falls. Time: 57 1-5 seconds.

880 yard dash—First Jerome, Lockport; second Alix, Lockport; third Hewitt, Niagara Falls. Time: 2:15 4-5.

Mile run—First Alix, Lockport; second Allport, Lockport; third Hewitt, Niagara Falls. Time: 4 min. 56 1-5 seconds.

200 yard low hurdles—First F. Ritzenthaler, Lockport; second Mitchell, Lockport; third Pietak, Niagara Falls. Time: 24.02.

Pole vault—First Joe Moran and George Moran tied, Niagara Falls; third Karlak, Lockport. Height: 9 feet.

Broad jump—First Coates, Lockport; second Walters, Niagara Falls; third Mitchell, Lockport. Distance: 20 feet 9 inches.

High jump—First Knowles, Lockport; second Carrigan, Niagara Falls; third Stoneham, Niagara Falls. Height: 5 ft. 4 in.

Shot put—First Mitchell, Lockport; second Willax, Lockport; third Corscea Niagara Falls. Distance: 33 ft. 8 3-4 inches.



FOOTBALL TEAM

THE FORM

BASEBALL

This year in baseball the largest squad in the history of our school reported for baseball. The team was well provided with equipment, for eighteen new uniforms were purchased. However, only five regulars of last year's team turned out and the pitching staff has caused considerable trouble. "Chuck" Sheehan, a sophomore, showed up to be a very promising pitcher and with Weug has carried the bulk of the work. Lockport opened the season with games with Gasport and Barker which were easily won. The Gold and Blue has been entered in a very difficult schedule this year consisting of Kenmore, Niagara Falls, Tonawanda and North Tonawanda.

MEDINA VS. L. H. S.

On Saturday afternoon, May 4, at Dudley Square, the Gold and Blue played their first scheduled game and lost by a score of 11 to 4.

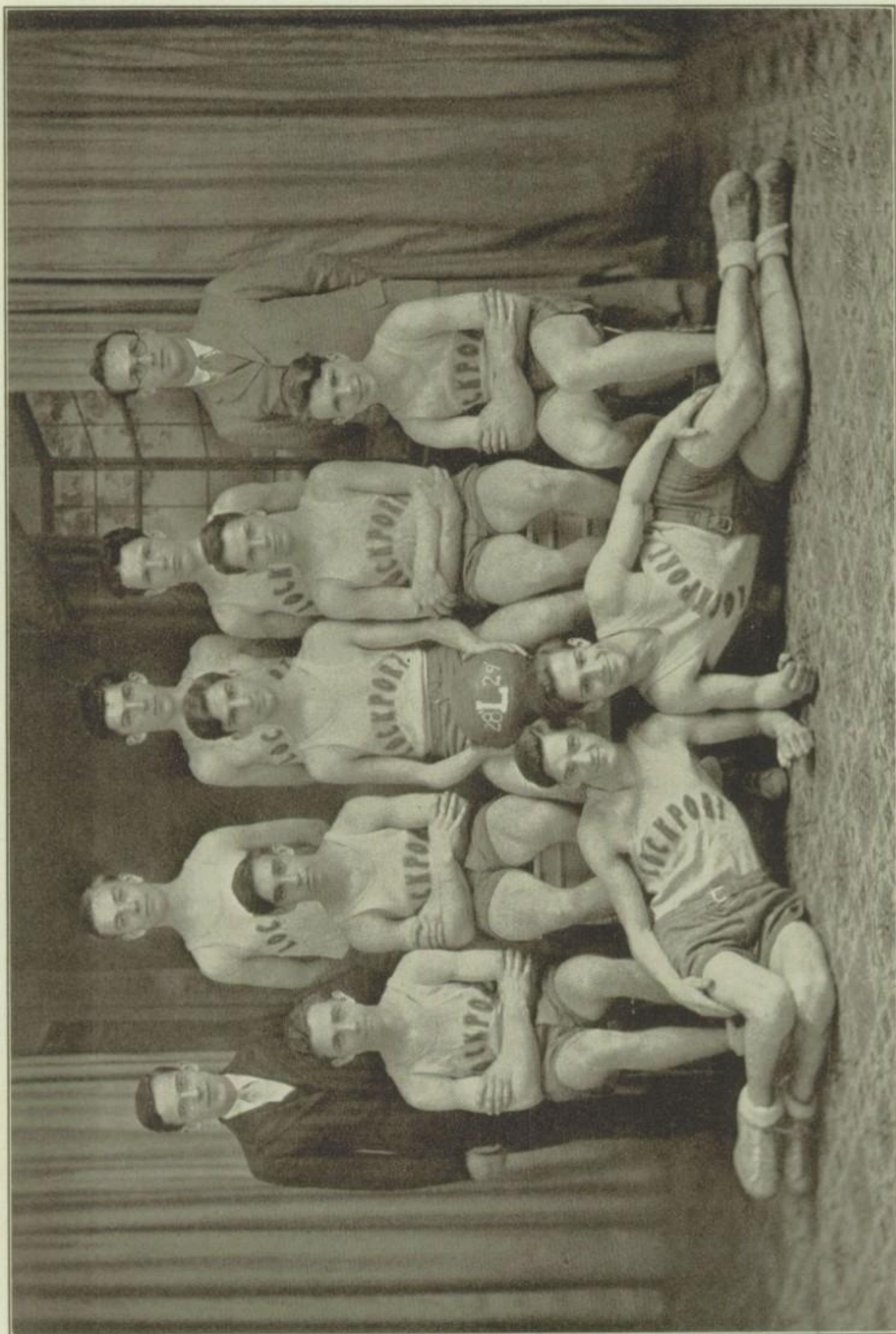
"Chuck" Sheehan, the new recruit pitcher, pitched a fine game and had it won practically up to the fifth inning when, due to costly errors by his teammates, Medina netted three runs making the score 4 to 3 in our favor. In the remaining two innings Medina scored eight runs to swamp the Schenkmen. Lockport had 5 errors to Medina's 2 and this accounted for the loss. "Chet" Pease and Dussault were the best hitters for Lockport while Raisner and Mallison were best for Medina.

<i>Lockport</i>		<i>Medina</i>
Dussault, s.s.		Mallison, 2b.
Stoll, r.f.		Jutkiewicz, p.
Healy, 1b.		Menke, c.
Dix, 3b.		Raisner, c.f.
Stark, l.f.		Ross, r.f.
Maslowski, r.f.		Cromwell, l.f.
White, 2b.		Standish, 1b.
Langton, 2b.		Montgomery, s.s.
Pease, c.		Perry, 3b.
Buchanan, c.f.		
Sheehan, p.		
Weug, p.		
Berray		

Medina	0	0	0	1	2	2	6—11
Lockport	0	4	0	0	0	0	0—4

GOLD AND BLUE SCORES 12 TO 3 VICTORY OVER ELM VOCATIONAL

In their best performance of the year the baseball team won a 12 to 3 victory over Elm Vocational School of Buffalo. The game was played at Harrison



BASKETBALL TEAM

THE FORM

Field on Wednesday, May 8. A fair number of spectators braved the wintry blasts.

The Buffalonians started well. Micelli, first man to face Weug, drew a pass to first. He stole second while Hammer "hammered" out. Grange hit to left field and Micelli scored the first run of the game.

In Lockport's half of the first inning with two down, Chet Pease drove a hard hit into left which went for three bases. Weug scored Pease with a single to left. White was safe on an error and Weug reached third. But further scoring was prevented when Haley fanned.

The second round was a big one for Lockport as four runners crossed the plate. This feat was duplicated in the fourth inning. Dix started off with a base on Boquard's error. Stark followed with a long single to right on which Dix was able to score. Stark stole second and when Buchanan hit to third he dove between the guardian's legs and both men were safe. Berray, after Dussault had poked a high fly, hit a double to score Stark and Buchanan. Weug ended the scoring by striking out.

After being passed in the sixth, Hammer gave a nifty exhibition of base running, stealing second, going to third on a passed ball and stealing home.

Buchanan led the Lockport batters with a double and two singles out of four times up. Pease also did some heavy hitting scoring a triple. Weug showed up well on the mound letting the visitors down with three hits. Niland pitched the last inning and struck out three men.

<i>Elm</i>						<i>Lockport</i>					
	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.		AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.
Micelli, s. s.	3	1	0	0	2	Dussalt, s.s.	5	0	0	0	1
Hammer, c.	3	1	0	6	0	Berray, l.f.	4	2	1	1	0
Grandits, 3b.	3	0	0	3	2	Maslowski, l.f.	0	0	0	0	0
Grange, 2b-p.	3	1	1	0	2	Pease, c.	4	2	1	9	1
Goodison, c.f.	3	0	1	2	0	Weug, p.	4	1	2	0	6
Visala, p.-2b.	3	0	0	0	2	Niland, p.	0	0	0	0	3
Spense, r.f.	3	0	0	0	0	White, 2b.	4	0	1	4	0
Boquard, 1b.	3	0	0	7	0	Langton, 2b.	0	0	0	0	0
Gentle, l.f.	2	0	1	0	0	Haely, 1b.	3	0	0	6	0
(a) Bennett	1	0	0	0	0	Frombgen, 1b.	0	0	0	0	0
(b) Hovath	1	0	0	0	0	Dix, 3b.	4	2	1	0	1
	—	—	—	—	—	Anderson, 3b.	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	28	3	3	18	8	Stark, r.f.	4	2	2	0	0
						Buchanan, c.f.	4	3	3	1	0
						xPuff	1	0	0	0	0
							—	—	—	—	—
(a) Batted for Spense in 7th.						Totals	37	12	11	21	12
(b) Batted for Boquard in 7th.						xBatted for Haely in 6th.					
Elm	1	0	0	1	0	1	0—	3			
Lockport	1	4	0	4	1	2	x—	12			



BASEBALL TEAM

T H E F O R M

Summary:—Errors, Haely 2, Grange 2, Grandits, Goodison, Spense, Boquard; runs batted in, Weug, Buchanan 4, Berray 2, Stark, Dix, Grange; base on balls, off Weug 2, off Niland 1, off Grange 1; struck out, by Weug 5, by Niland 3, by Nisala 2, by Grange 2; three base hit, Pease; two base hits, Berray, Buchanan, Weug; stolen bases, Hammer 3, Micelli, Stark, Buchanan, White, Dix, Weug, Grange; left on bases, Lockport 6, Elm 2; double play, Weug to Pease to Dix; Umpire, Wendel; time 1:40.

L. H. S. LOSES TO KENMORE

Lockport lost a close game to Kenmore on Friday, May 17, by the score of 7 to 6. The game was played at Kenmore. Lockport got off to a very poor start and was not able to overcome the four run advantage which Kenmore secured in the first inning. Niland came to the mound after the first inning and let the opponents down with only a few hits during the remainder of the game. Lockport out-hit Kenmore and also stole more bases. Barring the first frame the game was exciting and well played. The box score was as follows:

<i>Kenmore</i>						<i>Lockport</i>					
	AB.	R.	H.	P.	O.A.		AB.	R.	H.	P.	O.A.
Sterling, 1b.	4	1	2	4	0	Dussault, ss.	4	0	1	2	3
Wood, ss.	2	1	2	1	2	White, 2b.	4	1	1	3	2
Bundy, cf.	4	0	0	0	0	Pease, c.	4	1	2	3	0
Rose, rf.	4	1	1	3	0	Weug, 1b.	4	1	1	5	0
Powell, 2b.	4	1	1	0	0	Stark, rf.	4	1	1	0	0
Skinner, lf.	3	0	1	1	0	Buchanan, cf.	4	1	2	0	0
King, c.	3	1	1	7	0	Dix, 3b.	4	1	1	2	3
McEwen, 3b.	2	1	1	5	1	Maslowski, lf.	2	0	0	1	0
Ellithorne, p.	3	1	1	0	3	Berray, lf.	0	0	0	0	1
Albright, p.	1	0	0	0	4	Sheehan, p.	3	0	2	0	2
						Niland, p.	2	0	0	2	0
Totals	30	7	10	21	10	Totals	35	6	11	18	11

Score by innings:

Lockport	0	0	0	2	3	0	1—6
Kenmore	4	0	3	0	0	0	x—7

Summary: Errors, White, Pease, Dix, McEwen, Albright. Runs batted in, Buchanan 2, Weug, Dix, Rose; base on balls, Niland 1, Albright 1; strike outs, Niland 2, Sheehan 1, Ellithorne 4, Albright 2; two base hit, Buchanan; stolen bases, White 3, Buchanan 2, Stark 2, Dix 2, Dussault, Niland, Pease, Maslowski; left on bases, Lockport 8, Kenmore 4. Umpire, Kelley; time, 1:45.

THE FORM

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

There are some back reports concerning basketball that are of interest. The Seniors were victorious in the Girls' Inter-Class Basketball. The following Seniors won their numerals:

J. Moran, V. Covell, D. Robson, R. Graff, L. Gooding, D. Pease, R. Hoole, F. Walker, M. Plant.

The two winning freshmen homeroom teams, Collins and Barron, played off and resulted in a victory for the team representing Collins.

The recent gymnastic demonstration held in the gym proved a great success. The particular purpose of this demonstration was to raise money with which to send the high school relay team to the Penn Relay Carnival at Philadelphia. The girls' share in the program consisted of a fine display of marching tactics, various games, an Irish Jig danced by the girls in costume—nine as girls and nine as boys—and a demonstration of exercises on the rings.

Miss Wilcox has recently called for candidates for interclass baseball. As usual the rewards for the winners will be numerals. As no games have been played the champion baseball players are as yet unknown.

Something new! The girls are going to try their skill at Track. The practice began on Friday afternoon, May 17 and will continue on the following Friday afternoons of each week. There will be:

Dashes—50 and 60 yard.

Jumps—Running high, Standing high, Running broad and Standing broad.

Hurdles.

Throwing for distance.

OUR GIFT

I sat in pensive mood, in the splendor of the moon tonight.
Her beams fell all around me there and shed their silvery light,
Everything so quiet and everything so still,
I closed my eyes and settled back to drink this peace at will.

I felt the soothing glow of that great wonder in the sky
I sensed its gentle caressing on the lid which closed my eye
It was as a salve applied at night, curing every pain
A draught of sweetest life from which no one could e'er refrain.

"O Lord", I murmured in my dream, "That life were but like this,
That I might be forever here, enjoying heaven's bliss"
Then from a thousand angels' throats, an answer seemed to come
"God gave to thee and men on earth, the splendor of the moon."

—W. R. M.

EXCHANGES

The Attica, High School, Nutley, N. J.
 Chevron, High School, Albion, N. Y.
 The Crimson and White, Milne High School, Albany, N. Y.
 Tattler, High School, Ithaca, N. Y.
 Purple Peddler, High School, Newfane, N. Y.
 The Blue Parrot, High School, Camdem, N. Y.
 Orange and Black, High School, Port Byron, N. Y.
 The Whisp, High School, Wilmington, Del.
 The Orange Leaf, High School, Orange, N. J.
 The Echo, High School, Oneonta, N. Y.
 The Crimson and Blue, Pulaski Academy, Pulaski, N. Y.
 The Grammarian, Paisley Grammer School, Paisley, Scotland.
 The Mirror, High School, Punxsutawney, Pa.
 The Highlight, A. J. Demarest High School, Hoboken, N. J.
 The Taconic, High School, Williamstown, Mass.
 The Vermilian Star, Cathedral High School, Lafayette, Louisiana.
 Spirit of P. L. H. S., High School, Pike, N. Y.
 The Cub Reporter, High School, Manhasset, N. Y.
 Brown White, East Rochester, N. Y.
 The Stylus, State Normal School, Brockport, N. Y.
 The Echo, High School, Forestville, N. Y.
 The Chronical, High School, Niagara Falls, N. Y.
 Orange and Black, High School, Dearborn, Mich.
 The High School Citizen, High School, Dunkirk, N. Y.
 The Record, High School, Mamaroneck, N. Y.
 The Brown and White, Rochester, N. Y.
 Beall Heigh Chime, Frostburg, Maryland.
 Gorton News, Yonkers, N. Y.
 The Purple Parrot, Troy, N. Y.
 The Laniger, Langerties, N. Y.
 The Academy Graduate, Newburg, N. Y.
 The Journal, Ebenezer, N. Y.
 The Maroon Gazette, High School, Lancaster, N. Y.
 The Messenger, High School, East New Market, Pa.
 The Blue and Black, Johnstown, Pa.
 The Echo, Nashville, Tenn.
 Ro-de-Quoit, Ironquoit, N. Y.
 The Ulsterette, Saugerties, N. Y.

THE FORM

COMMENTS AS WE SEE OTHERS

The Orange Leaf; Orange, New Jersey.

We enjoy your magazine very much. Keep up the good work.

The Attic; Nutley High School, Nutley, New Jersey.

Your magazine reveals careful work, but why not publish a list of Exchanges?

Purple Peddler; Newfane High School, Newfane, New York.

You have a very neat magazine. We would like to see a little more about your school news.

The Tattler; Ithaca High School, Ithaca, New York.

You have a fine magazine. We especially like the idea of an index.

Crimson and White; Albany, N. Y.

You have a well organized and complete magazine.

Orange and Black; Port Byron, N. Y.

We liked the last issue of your paper very much. You have many interesting school activities.

The Echo; Oneonta High School, Oneonta, N. Y.

We like your magazine. It is very complete.

The Messenger; East New Market, East New Market, Md.

Your cartoons are most clever and original. You have a nice magazine.

Crimson and White; Pulaski, Academy.

Your magazine shows careful work. We enjoyed your poetry corner.

The High School Citizen; Dunkirk High School, Dunkirk, N. Y.

We receive your paper just the same even if you did drop us in basketball. It looks as if you have a healthy team. Were they successful this year?

AS OTHERS SEE US

The Forum, Lockport High School, Lockport, N. Y.

An attractive cover creates interest and adds zest to any magazine. The Art Department is to be congratulated on its colorful, appealing cover, and especially commended on the Thanksgiving issue binders. Your "Literary" division has almost reached the acme of excellence.—THE WHISP.

"The Forum," a magazine published by the Lockport High School, has some very interesting and well arranged items in the Easter number. The Poets' Corner is especially good and shows the poetic talent of several students of the school. The Study Hall is amusing, too.—THE BLUE AND BLACK.

The Forum: Lockport, New York.—"Your Assembly Hi-Lights is an original idea. We like your publication. —PURPLE PEDDLER.

"The Forum"—Lockport High School, Lockport, N. Y. We thoroughly enjoy your excellent magazine. Your literary and news department are very complete and your jokes are very laughable. The cover design of your Easter number is most attractive.—THE ORANGE AND BLACK.

JOKES

Teacher—"If there are any dunces in the room, please stand up."

A pause, then finally "Izzie" Chessman stands up.

Teacher—"What, Chessman, you consider yourself a dunce?"

Izzie—"Not exactly, teacher, but I hate to see you standing there all alone."

Billy had been told that a tradition is something handed down from parents to children. So the next day he explained to the teacher that he was late because, "Mother had to mend my traditions." —Echo.

½ Dozen From Scotland

"A Scotchman came to America because he heard it was a free country."

"A Scotchman never drinks because he has to tip the bottle."

A Scotchman was going through the Detroit streets, carrying a pair of pants over his arm. When asked what he was doing it for he said, "Where is the Detroit Free Press?"

"A Scotchman bought his children a rubber ball for Christmas and made them catch it on the first bounce."

"A Scotchman gave his children each a nickel if they would go to bed without supper. In the night he got up and took their nickels and next morning made them go without breakfast because they had lost their money."

"A Scotchman married because they gave the bride away." —The Echo.

Swimming is one of the things you learn by beginning at the top.
—The Echo.

Mr. Steelman—"Is this theme original?"

J. Keefer—"No, I wrote it myself."
—The Whisp.

Cop—"You can't smoke here."

Morton—"I'm not smoking."

Cop—"You've got a cigarette in your mouth."

Morton—"Well, you've got pants on, but you're not panting."

—The Whisp.

"When you see A. D. on a corner-stone of a building, what does it mean?"

"All Done." —The Whisp.

It will be a Scotchman who will find a way to condense shampoo suds back into soaps. —Echo.

Q.—What is the meaning of "a straight life?"

A.—A straight life is the longest distance between two points.

—Orange Leaf.

Customer — "No-no! I simply couldn't walk a step in shoes that pinch like that."

Clerk—"I'm sorry, madam, but I've shown you all our stock now. These shoes are the ones you were wearing when you came in."

—Vermilion Star.

"Who wrote the first short story?"

"A Scotch author."

—The Attic.

Prof. — "Of what is limburger cheese composed?"

Bridget—"It's not: it's decomposed."
—The Attic.

AUTOGRAPHS

Jane Efford

4

Caroline Senior

AUTOGRAPHS

AUTOGRAPHS

AUTOGRAPHS

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AUTOGRAPHS

OUR ADVERTISERS



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PAYMENTS IF DESIRED

The main difference between a cigarette lighter and some L. H. S. students is that the lighter works sometimes.

The trouble with some students is that they jot things down in their minds and then lose their heads.

Joe: I never knew love was like this!

Rosemary: Neither did I; I thought there were more flowers and candy to it.

Willard Ransom: "How can you tell that that quarter is Scotch?"

Chauncy Clifford: "My boy, listen to the close harmony."

Also: You sure is brilliant.

Smart: Why not, my father calls me son, I lives on moonshine and has got fo gold teeth.

Old Block: "Say that guy Percy was so lubricated last nite that he sold the postoffice."

Chip: "Well, why so down in the mouth about it."

Old Block: "Because I bought it."

Learned One: The word alimony, pupils, is merely a contraction of "all his money."

What's the difference between the North Pole and the South Pole?

All the difference in the world.

Mike: Phwat are cranberries?

Pat: Cranberries! Don't you know what they are?

Mike: Yis, but do you?

Pat: Cranberries are like water-melons, neither fruit nor vegetable; but if ye cook them they make better applesauce than what prunes does.

THE FORM

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Advertising and Salesmanship
Business Administration
Bookkeeping
Real Estate



Secretarial Science
Stenography
Stenotypy
Public Speaking
Insurance

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